BELL'S EDITION,

The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN COMPLETE FROM CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.

DRYDEN VOLUME. III.

Satire has always shone among the rest,
And is the boldest way, if not the best.

Page 3.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

721.

JOHN DRYDEN.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise.----
The power of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was is DRYDEN now. POPE.

Behold where DRYDEN'S less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-resounding pace.
Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more.----- GRAY.

VOL. III.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1778.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN DRYDEN.

VOL. III.

721

CONTAINING HIS

EPISTLES,
PROLOGUES,
EPILOGUES,
SONGS,
ELEGIES,
EPITAPHS,

&c. &c. &c.

But see where artful DRYDEN next appears,
Grown old in rhyme, but charming even in years!
Great DRYDEN next! whose tuneful Muse affords
The sweetest numbers and the fittest words.
Whether in comic sounds or tragic airs
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears.
If satire or heroic strains she writes,
Her hero pleases, and her satire bites.
From her no harsh unartful numbers fall;
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all.

ADDISON.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1778.

AN ESSAY UPON SATIRE.

BY MR. DRYDEN AND THE E. OF MULGRAVE.

How dull and how inſenſible a beaſt
Is man, who yet would lord it o'er the reſt?
Philoſophers and poets vainly ſtrove,
In every age, the lumpiſh maſs to move;
But thoſe were pedants, when compar'd with theſe,
Who know not only to inſtruct, but pleaſe.
Poets alone found the delightful way
Myſterious morals gently to convey
In charming numbers; ſo that as men grew
Pleas'd with their poems, they grew wiſer too.
Satire has always ſhone among the reſt,
And is the boldeſt way, if not the beſt,
To tell men freely of their fouleſt faults,
To laugh at their vain deeds, and vainer thoughts.
In ſatire, too, the wiſe took diff'rent ways,
To each deſerving its peculiar praiſe.
Some did all folly with juſt ſharpneſs blame,
Whilſt others laugh'd and ſcorn'd 'em into ſhame.
But of theſe two the laſt ſucceeded beſt,
As men aim righteſt when they ſhoot in jeſt.
Yet, if we may preſume to blame our guides,
And cenſure thoſe who cenſure all beſides,
In other things they juſtly are preferr'd;
In this alone, methinks, the Ancients err'd;

But there's no meddling with ſuch nauſeous men;
Their very names have tir'd my lazy pen:
'Tis time to quit their company, and chuſe
Some fitter ſubject for a ſharper Muſe.
 Firſt, let's behold the merrieſt man alive
Againſt his careleſs genius vainly ſtrive,
Quit his dear eaſe, ſome deep deſign to lay
'Gainſt a ſet time, and then forget the day;
Yet he will laugh at his beſt friends, and be
Juſt as good company as Nokes and Lee;
But when he aims at reaſon or at rule,
He turns himſelf the beſt to ridicule.
Let him at bus'neſs ne'er ſo earneſt ſit,
Shew him but mirth, and bait that mirth with wit,
That ſhadow of a jeſt ſhall be enjoy'd,
Tho' he left all mankind to be deſtroy'd.
So cat, transform'd, ſat gravely and demure,
Till mouſe appear'd, and thought himſelf ſecure,
But ſoon the lady had him in her eye,
And from her friend did juſt as oddly fly.
Reaching above our nature does no good;
We muſt fall back to our old fleſh and blood;
As by our little Machiavel we find,
That nimbleſt creature of the buſy kind,
His limbs are crippled, and his body ſhakes,
Yet his hard mind, which all this buſtle makes,
No pity of its poor companion takes.

What gravity can hold from laughing out,
To ſee him drag his feeble legs about,
Like hounds ill-coupled? Jowler lugs him ſtill
Thro' hedges, ditches, and thro' all that's ill.
'Twere crime in any man, but him alone,
To uſe a body ſo, tho' 'tis one's own:
Yet this falſe comfort never gives him o'er,
That, whilſt he creeps, his vig'rous thoughts can ſoar.
Alas! that ſoaring, to thoſe few that know,
Is but a buſy grov'ling here below.
So men in rapture think they mount the ſky,
Whilſt on the ground th' entranced wretches lie;
So modern fops have fancy'd they could fly.
As the new earl, with parts deſerving praiſe,
And wit enough to laugh at his own ways,
Yet loſes all ſoft days and ſenſual nights,
Kind Nature checks, and kinder Fortune ſlights,
Striving againſt his quiet all he can,
For the fine notion of a buſy man.
And what is that at beſt, but one whoſe mind
Is made to tire himſelf and all mankind?
For Ireland he would go; faith, let him reign;
For if ſome odd fantaſtic lord would fain
Carry in trunks, and all my drudgery do,
I'll not only pay him, but admire him too.
But is there any other beaſt that lives
Who his own harm ſo wittingly contrives?

Will any dog that has his teeth and ſtones,
Refin'dly leave his bitches and his bones
To turn a wheel, and bark to be employ'd,
While Venus is by rival dogs enjoy'd?
Yet this fond man, to get a ſtateſman's name,
Forfeits his friends, his freedom, and his fame.
  Tho' ſatire, nicely writ with humour, ſtings
But thoſe who merit praiſe in other things,
Yet we muſt needs this one exception make,
And break our rules for Folly Tropos' ſake,
Who was too much deſpis'd to be accus'd,
And therefore ſcarce deſerves to be abus'd;
Rais'd only by his mercenary tongue,
For railing ſmoothly and for reas'ning wrong.
As boys, on holy-days let looſe to play,
Lay waggiſh traps for girls that paſs that way,
Then ſhout to ſee in dirt and deep diſtreſs
Some ſilly Cit in her flower'd fooliſh dreſs;
So have I mighty ſatisfaction found
To ſee his tinſel reaſon on the ground;
To ſee the florid fool deſpis'd, and know it,
By ſome who ſcarce have words enough to ſhow it;
For Senſe ſits ſilent, and condemns for weaker
The finer, nay, ſometimes the wittieſt ſpeaker.
But 'tis prodigious ſo much eloquence
Should be acquired by ſuch little ſenſe,
For words and wit did anciently agree,
And Tully was no fool, tho' this man be:

At bar abufive, on the bench unable,
Knave on the woolfack, fop at council-table.
Thefe are the grievances of fuch fools as wou'd
Be rather wife than honeft, great than good.
Some other kind of wits muft be made known,
Whofe harmlefs errors hurt themfelves alone;
Excefs of luxury they think can pleafe,
And lazinefs call loving of their eafe;
To live diffolv'd in pleafures ftill they feign,
Tho' their whole life's but intermitting pain:
So much of furfeits, headachs, claps, are feen,
We fcarce perceive the little time between:
Well-meaning men who make this grofs miftake,
And pleafure lofe only for pleafure's fake.
Each pleafure has its price, and when we pay
Too much of pain, we fquander life away.
Thus Dorfet, purring like a thoughtful cat,
Married, but wifer pufs ne'er thought of that;
And firft he worried her with railing rhyme,
Like Pembroke's maftives at his kindeft time;
Then for one night fold all his flavifh life,
A teeming widow, but a barren wife.
Swell'd by contact of fuch a fulfome toad,
He lugg'd about the matrimonial load,
Till Fortune, blindly kind, as well as he,
Has ill-reftor'd him to his liberty,
Which he would ufe in his old fneaking way,
Drinking all night, and dozing all the day;

Dull as Ned Howard, whom his briſker times
Had fam'd for dulneſs in malicious rhymes.
Mulgrave had much ado to 'ſcape the ſnare,
Tho' learn'd in all thoſe arts that cheat the fair;
For after all his vulgar marriage-mocks,
With beauty dazzled, Numps was in the ſtocks;
Deluded parents dry'd their weeping eyes,
To ſee him catch his Tartar for his prize;
Th' impatient Town waited the wiſh'd-for change,
And cuckolds ſmil'd in hopes of ſweet revenge;
Till Petworth-plot made us with ſorrow ſee,
As his eſtate, his perſon, too, was free:
Him no ſoft thoughts, no gratitude, could move;
To gold he fled from beauty and from love;
Yet failing there, he keeps his freedom ſtill,
Forc'd to live happily againſt his will.
'Tis not his fault if too much wealth and pow'r
Break not his boaſted quiet ev'ry hour.
And little Sid. for ſimile renown'd,
Pleaſure has always ſought but never found:
Tho' all his thoughts on wine and women fall,
His are ſo bad, ſure he ne'er thinks at all.
The fleſh he lives upon is rank and ſtrong;
His meat and miſtreſſes are kept too long.
But ſure we all miſtake this pious man,
Who mortifies his perſon all he can;
What we uncharitably take for ſin,
Are only rules of this odd Capuchin:

For never hermit, under grave pretence,
Has liv'd more contrary to common ſenſe,
And 'tis a miracle we may ſuppoſe
No naſtineſs offends his ſkilful noſe,
Which from all ſtink can, with peculiar art,
Extract perfume and eſſence from a f—t.
Expecting ſupper is his great delight;
He toils all day but to be drunk at night;
Then o'er his cups this night-bird chirping ſits,
Till he takes Hewet and Jack Hall for wits.
Rocheſter I deſpiſe for want of wit,
Tho' thought to have a tail and cloven feet;
For while he miſchief means to all mankind,
Himſelf alone the ill effects does find;
And ſo, like witches, juſtly ſuffers ſhame,
Whoſe harmleſs malice is ſo much the ſame.
Falſe are his words, affected is his wit;
So often he does aim, ſo ſeldom hit;
To ev'ry face he cringes while he ſpeaks,
But when the back is turn'd the head he breaks:
Mean in each action, lewd in ev'ry limb,
Manners themſelves are miſchievous in him:
A proof that Chance alone makes every creature;
A very Killigrew, without good nature;
For what a Beſſus has he always liv'd,
And his own kickings notably contriv'd?
For, there's the folly that's ſtill mix'd with fear,
Cowards more blows than any hero bear.

Of fighting ſparks ſome may their pleaſures ſay,
But 'tis a bolder thing to run away:
The world may well forgive him all his ill,
For ev'ry fault does prove his penance ſtill:
Falſely he falls into ſome dang'rous nooſe,
And then as meanly labours to get looſe.
A life ſo infamous is better quitting,
Spent in baſe injury and low ſubmitting.
I'd like to have left out his poetry,
Forgot by all almoſt as well as me.
Sometimes he has ſome humour, never wit,
And if it rarely, very rarely, hit,
'Tis under ſo much naſty rubbiſh laid,
To find it out's the cinder-woman's trade,
Who for the wretched remnants of a fire
Muſt toil all day in aſhes and in mire.
So lewdly dull his idle works appear,
The wretched texts deſerve no comments here,
Where one poor thought ſometimes, left all alone,
For a whole page of dulneſs muſt atone.
How vain a thing is Man, and how unwiſe!
E'en he who would himſelf the moſt deſpiſe!
I, who ſo wiſe and humble ſeem to be,
Now my own vanity and pride can't ſee.
While the world's nonſenſe is ſo ſharply ſhown,
We pull down others but to raiſe our own;
That we may angels ſeem we paint them elves,
And are but ſatires to ſet up ourſelves.

I, who have all this while been finding fault
E'en with my maſter, who firſt ſatire taught,
And did by that deſcribe the taſk ſo hard,
It ſeems ſtupendous and above reward,
Now labour, with unequal force, to climb
That lofty hill, unreach'd by former time;
'Tis juſt that I ſhould to the bottom fall,
Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

TO THE

LORD CHANCELLOR HYDE.

PRESENTED ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY 1662.

MY LORD,

While flatt'ring crowds officiouſly appear,
To give themſelves, not you, an happy year,
And by the greatneſs of their preſents prove
How much they hope, but not how well they love,
The Muſes, who your early courtſhip boaſt,
Tho' now your flames are with their beauty loſt,
Yet watch their time, that if you have forgot
They were your miſtreſſes the world may not;
Decay'd by time and wars, they only prove
Their former beauty by your former love,
And now preſent, as ancient ladies do,
That courted long at length are forc'd to woo:
For ſtill they look on you with ſuch kind eyes,
As thoſe that ſee the church's ſov'reign riſe,
From their own order choſe, in whoſe high ſtate
They think themſelves the ſecond choice of Fate.
When our great Monarch into exile went,
Wit and religion ſuffer'd baniſhment.
Thus once, when Troy was wrapp'd in fire and ſmoke,
The helpleſs gods their burning ſhrines forſook;
They with the vanquiſh'd prince and party go,
And leave their temples empty to the foe.

At length the Muſes ſtand, reſtor'd again
To that great charge which Nature did ordain;
And their lov'd Druids ſeem reviv'd by Fate,
While you diſpenſe the laws and guide the ſtate.
The nation's ſoul, our Monarch, does diſpenſe
Thro' you to us his vital influence;
You are the channel where thoſe ſpirits flow,
And work them higher as to us they go.
In open proſpect nothing bounds our eye,
Until the earth ſeems join'd unto the ſky;
So in this hemiſphere our utmoſt view
Is only bounded by our King and you.
Our ſight is limited where you are join'd,
And beyond that no farther heav'n can find.
So well your virtues do with his agree,
That, tho' your orbs of diff'rent greatneſs be,
Yet both are for each other's uſe diſpos'd,
His to incloſe, and your's to be inclos'd:
Nor could another in your room have been,
Except an emptineſs had come between.
Well may he then to you his cares impart,
And ſhare his burden where he ſhares his heart.
In you his ſleep ſtill wakes; his pleaſures find
Their ſhare of bus'neſs in your lab'ring mind.
So when the weary Sun his place reſigns,
He leaves his light, and by reflection ſhines.
Juſtice, that ſits and frowns where public laws
Exclude ſoft mercy from a private cauſe,

In your tribunal moſt herſelf does pleaſe;
There only ſmiles, becauſe ſhe lives at eaſe;
And, like young David, finds her ſtrength the more,
When diſencumber'd from thoſe arms ſhe wore.
Heav'n would our royal maſter ſhould exceed
Moſt in that virtue which we moſt did need;
And his mild father (who too late did find
All mercy vain but what with pow'r was join'd)
His fatal goodneſs left to fitter times,
Not to increaſe, but to abſolve our crimes:
But when the heir of this vaſt treaſure knew
How large a legacy was left to you,
(Too great for any ſubject to retain)
He wiſely ty'd it to the crown again:
Yet paſſing thro' your hands it gathers more,
As ſtreams thro' mines bear tincture of their ore.
While emp'ric politicians uſe deceit,
Hide what they give, and cure but by a cheat,
You boldly ſhew that ſkill which they pretend,
And work by means as noble as your end;
Which ſhould you veil, we might unwind the clue,
As men do Nature, till we came to you.
And as the Indies were not found before
Thoſe rich perfumes which from the happy ſhore
The winds upon their balmy wings convey'd,
Whoſe guilty ſweetneſs firſt their world betray'd;
So by your counſels we are brought to view
A rich and undiſcover'd world in you.

By you our Monarch does that fame aſſure
Which kings muſt have, or cannot live ſecure;
For proſp'rous princes gain their ſubjects' heart,
Who love that praiſe in which themſelves have part.
By you he fits thoſe ſubjects to obey,
As heav'n's eternal Monarch does convey
His pow'r unſeen, and man to his deſigns
By his bright miniſters, the ſtars, inclines.
Our ſetting ſun, from his declining ſeat,
Shot beams of kindneſs on you, not of heat;
And when his love was bounded in a few,
That were unhappy that they might be true,
Made you the fav'rite of his laſt ſad times,
That is, a ſuff'rer in his ſubjects' crimes.
Thus thoſe firſt favours you receiv'd were ſent,
Like Heav'n's rewards, in earthly puniſhment;
Yet Fortune, conſcious of your deſtiny,
E'en then took care to lay you ſoftly by,
And wrapp'd your fate among her precious things,
Kept freſh, to be unfolded with your King's.
Shewn, all at once you dazzled ſo our eyes,
As new-born Pallas did the gods ſurpriſe,
When, ſpringing forth from Jove's new-cloſing wound,
She ſtruck the warlike ſpear into the ground,
Which ſprouting leaves did ſuddenly incloſe,
And peaceful olives ſhaded as they roſe.
How ſtrangely active are the arts of peace,
Whoſe reſtleſs motions leſs than wars do ceaſe!

Peace is not freed from labour, but from noiſe,
And war more force, but not more pains, employs.
Such is the mighty ſwiftneſs of your mind,
That, like the earth, it leaves our ſenſe behind,
While you ſo ſmoothly turn and roll our ſphere,
That rapid motion does but reſt appear.
For as in Nature's ſwiftneſs, with the throng
Of flying orbs while our's is borne along,
All ſeems at reſt to the deluded eye,
Mov'd by the ſoul of the ſame harmony;
So, carry'd on by your unwearied care,
We reſt in peace, and yet in motion ſhare.
Let Envy, then, thoſe crimes within you ſee,
From which the happy never muſt be free;
Envy, that does with Miſery reſide,
The joy and the revenge of ruin'd pride.
Think it not hard if, at ſo cheap a rate,
You can ſecure the conſtancy of Fate,
Whoſe kindneſs ſent what does their malice ſeem,
By leſſer ills the greater to redeem.
Nor can we this weak ſhow'r a tempeſt call,
But drops of heat that in the ſunſhine fall.
You have already weary'd Fortune ſo,
She cannot farther be your friend or foe,
But ſits all breathleſs, and admires to feel
A fate ſo weighty, that it ſtops her wheel.
In all things elſe above our humble fate,
Your equal mind yet ſwells not into ſtate,

But, like ſome mountain in thoſe happy iſles,
Where in perpetual ſpring young Nature ſmiles,
Your greatneſs ſhews; no horror to affright,
But trees for ſhade, and flow'rs to court the ſight.
Sometimes the hill ſubmits itſelf a while
In ſmall deſcents, which do its height beguile;
And ſometimes mounts, but ſo as billows play,
Whoſe riſe not hinders, but makes ſhort our way.
Your brow, which does no fear of thunder know,
Sees rolling tempeſts vainly beat below;
And, like Olympus' top, th' impreſſion wears
Of love and friendſhip writ in former years:
Yet, unimpair'd with labours or with time,
Your age but ſeems to a new youth to climb.
Thus heav'nly bodies do our time beget,
And meaſure change, but ſhare no part of it;
And ſtill it ſhall without a weight increaſe,
Like this New-year, whoſe motions never ceaſe;
For ſince the glorious courſe you have begun
Is led by Charles, as that is by the ſun,
It muſt both weightleſs and immortal prove,
Becauſe the centre of it is above.

UPON THE

DEATH OF LORD HASTINGS.

MUST noble Haſtings immaturely die,
The honour of his ancient family;
Beauty and learning thus together meet,
To bring a winding for a wedding ſheet?
Muſt Virtue prove Death's harbinger? muſt ſhe,
With him expiring, feel mortality?
Is death, ſin's wages, grace's now? ſhall art
Make us more learned only to depart?
If merit be diſeaſe, if virtue death;
To be good not to be; who'd then bequeath
Himſelf to diſcipline? who'd not eſteem
Labour a crime? ſtudy ſelf-murder deem?
Our noble youth now have pretence to be
Dunces ſecurely, ign'rant healthfully.
Rare linguiſt! whoſe worth ſpeaks itſelf, whoſe praiſe,
Tho' not his own, all tongues beſides do raiſe:
Than whom great Alexander may ſeem leſs,
Who conquer'd men, but not their languages.
In his mouth nations ſpake; his tongue might be
Interpreter to Greece, France, Italy.
His native ſoil was the four parts o' th' earth;
All Europe was too narrow for his birth.
A young apoſtle, and, with rev'rence may
I *ſpeak* it, inſpir'd with gift of tongues as they.

Nature gave him, a child, what men in vain
Oft' ſtrive, by art tho' further'd, to obtain.
His body was an orb, his ſublime ſoul
Did move on Virtue's and on Learning's pole;
Whoſe reg'lar motions better to our view
Than Archimedes' ſphere the heav'ns did ſhew.
Grace and virtues, languages and arts,
Beauty and learning, fill'd up all the parts.
Heav'n's gifts, which do like falling ſtars appear
Scatter'd in others, all, as in their ſphere,
Were fix'd, conglobate in his ſoul; and thence
Shone thro' his body with ſweet influence,
Letting their glories ſo on each limb fall,
The whole frame render'd was celeſtial.
Come, learned Ptolemy, and trial make
If thou this hero's altitude canſt take:
But that tranſcends thy ſkill; thrice happy all,
Could we but prove thus aſtronomical.
Liv'd Tycho now, ſtruck with this ray which ſhone
More bright i' th' morn' than others beam at noon,
He'd take his aſtrolabe, and ſeek out here
What new ſtar 'twas did gild our hemiſphere.
Repleniſh'd then with ſuch rare gifts as theſe,
Where was room left for ſuch a foul diſeaſe?
The nation's ſin hath drawn that veil, which ſhrouds
Our day-ſpring in ſo ſad benighting clouds;
Heav'n would no longer truſt its pledge, but thus
Recall'd it, rapt its Ganymede from us.

Was there no milder way but the ſmall-pox,
The very filthineſs of Pandora's box?
So many ſpots, like næves on Venus' ſoil,
One jewel ſet off with ſo many a foil:
Bliſters with pride ſwell'd, which through's fleſh did [ſprout
Like roſe-buds ſtuck i' th' lily-ſkin about.
Each little pimple had a tear in it,
To wail the fault its riſing did commit;
Which, rebel-like, with its own lord at ſtrife,
Thus made an inſurrection 'gainſt his life.
Or were theſe gems ſent to adorn his ſkin,
The cab'net of a richer ſoul within?
No comet need foretel his change drew on,
Whoſe corpſe might ſeem a conſtellation.
O! had he dy'd of old, how great a ſtrife
Had been, who from his death ſhould draw their life?
Who ſhould, by one rich draught, become whate'er
Seneca, Cato, Numa, Cæſar, were?
Learn'd, virtuous, pious, great; and have by this
An univerſal metempſychoſis.
Muſt all theſe aged ſires in one fun'ral
Expire? all die in one ſo young, ſo ſmall?
Who, had he liv'd his life out, his great fame
Had ſwoll'n 'bove any Greek or Roman name.
But haſty Winter, with one blaſt, hath brought
The hopes of Autumn, Summer, Spring, to nought.
Thus fades the oak i' th' ſprig; i' th' blade the corn;
Thus, without young, this phœnix dies new-born.

Muſt then old three-legg'd gray-beards, with their
Catarrhs, rheums, aches, live three ages out ? [gout,
Time's offals, only fit for th' hoſpital!
Or to hang antiquaries' rooms withal!
Muſt drunkards, lechers, ſpent with ſinning, live
With ſuch helps as broths, poſſets, phyſic, give?
None live but ſuch as ſhould die? ſhall we meet
With none but ghoſtly fathers in the ſtreet?
Grief makes me rail; ſorrow will force its way,
And ſhow'rs of tears tempeſtuous ſighs beſt lay.
The tongue may fail, but overflowing eyes
Will weep out laſting ſtreams of elegies.
 But thou, O Virgin-widow! left alone,
Now thy belov'd, heav'n-raviſh'd, ſpouſe is gone,
Whoſe ſkilful ſire in vain ſtrove to apply
Med'cines, when thy balm was no remedy,
With greater than Platonic love, O wed
His ſoul, tho' not his body, to thy bed:
Let that make thee a mother; bring thou forth
Th' ideas of his virtue, knowledge, worth;
Tranſcribe th' original in new copies; give
Haſtings o' th' better part; ſo ſhall he live
In's nobler half; and the great grandſire be
Of an heroic, divine progeny;
An iſſue which t' eternity ſhall laſt,
Yet but th' irradiations which he caſt.
Erect no mauſoleums; for his beſt
Monument is his ſpouſe's marble breaſt.

*EPISTLES**.

I.

To my honoured friend, Sir ROBERT HOWARD, *on his excellent poems.*

As there is muſic, uninform'd by art,
In thoſe wild notes which, with a merry heart,
The birds in unfrequented ſhades expreſs,
Who, better taught at home, yet pleaſe us leſs;
So in your verſe a native ſweetneſs dwells,
Which ſhames compoſure, and its art excels.
Singing no more can your ſoft numbers grace,
Than paint adds charms unto a beauteous face.
Yet as when mighty rivers gently creep,
Their even calmneſs does ſuppoſe them deep,
Such is your Muſe: no metaphor ſwell'd high,
With dang'rous boldneſs, lifts her to the ſky:
Thoſe mounting fancies, when they fall again,
Shew ſand and dirt at bottom do remain.
So firm a ſtrength, and yet withal ſo ſweet,
Did never but in Samſon's riddle meet.

* The Epiſtles are, in this edition, arranged according to chronological order, which was never done before, excepting in the edition of the Miſcellanies in 1760, in four volumes octavo. The epiſtle to Mr. Julian is retained, not from any high opinion of its value, but becauſe we find it in the Miſcellanies, and cannot, therefore, ſuppoſe it to be an impoſition.

'Tis ſtrange each line ſo great a weight ſhould bear,
And yet no ſign of toil, no ſweat, appear.
Either your art hides art, as Stoics feign
Then leaſt to feel when moſt they ſuffer pain,
And we, dull ſouls! admire, but cannot ſee
What hidden ſprings within the engine be;
Or 'tis ſome happineſs that ſtill purſues
Each act and motion of your graceful Muſe.
Or is it Fortune's work, that in your head
The curious net that is for fancies ſpread
Lets thro' its meſhes ev'ry meaner thought,
While rich ideas there are only caught?
Sure that's not all; this is a piece too fair
To be the child of Chance, and not of Care.
No atoms caſually together hurl'd
Could e'er produce ſo beautiful a world:
Nor dare I ſuch a doctrine here admit
As would deſtroy the providence of Wit.
'Tis your ſtrong genius, then, which does not feel
Thoſe weights would make a weaker ſpirit reel.
To carry weight, and run ſo lightly too,
Is what alone your Pegaſus can do.
Great Hercules himſelf could ne'er do more
Than not to feel thoſe heav'ns and gods he bore.
Your eaſier Odes, which for delight were penn'd,
Yet our inſtruction make their ſecond end;
We're both enrich'd and pleas'd, like them that woo
At once a beauty and a fortune too.

Of moral knowledge Poefy was queen,
And ftill fhe might, had wanton wits not been,
Who, like ill guardians, liv'd themfelves at large,
And, not content with that, debauch'd their charge:
Like fome brave captain, your fuccefsful pen
Reftores the exil'd to her crown again,
And gives us hope that, having feen the days
When nothing flourifh'd but fanatic bays,
All will at length in this opinion reft,
"A fober prince's government is beft."
This is not all; your art the way has found
To make th' improvement of the richeft ground;
That foil which thofe immortal laurels bore,
That once the facred Maro's temples wore.
Eliza's griefs are fo exprefs'd by you,
They are too eloquent to have been true.
Had fhe fo fpoke, Æneas had obey'd
What Dido, rather than what Jove, had faid.
If funeral rites can give a ghoft repofe,
Your Mufe fo juftly has difcharged thofe,
Eliza's fhade may now its wand'ring ceafe,
And claim a title to the fields of Peace.
But if Æneas be oblig'd, no lefs
Your kindnefs great Achilles doth confefs,
Who, drefs'd by Statius in too bold a look,
Did ill become thofe virgin-robes he took.
To underftand how much we owe to you,
We muft your numbers with your author's view;

Then we ſhall ſee his work was lamely rough,
Each figure ſtiff, as if deſign'd in buff;
His colours laid ſo thick on ev'ry place,
As only ſhew'd the paint, but hid the face.
But as in perſpective we beauties ſee,
Which in the glaſs, not in the picture, be;
So here our ſight obligingly miſtakes
That wealth, which his your bounty only makes.
Thus vulgar diſhes are, by cooks diſguis'd,
More for their dreſſing than their ſubſtance priz'd.
Your curious Notes ſo ſearch into that age,
When all was fable but the Sacred page,
That, ſince in that dark night we needs muſt ſtray,
We are at leaſt miſled in pleaſant way.
But what we moſt admire, your verſe no leſs
The prophet than the poet doth confeſs.
Ere our weak eyes diſcern'd the doubtful ſtreak
Of light, you ſaw great Charles his morning break.
So ſkilful ſeamen ken the land from far,
Which ſhews like miſts to the dull paſſenger.
To Charles your Muſe firſt pays her duteous love,
As ſtill the Ancients did begin from Jove.
With Monk you end, whoſe name preſerv'd ſhall be,
As Rome recorded Rufus' memory,
Who thought it greater honour to obey
His country's int'reſt than the world to ſway.
But to write worthy things of worthy men,
Is the peculiar talent of your pen:

Yet let me take your mantle up, and I
Will venture, in your right, to prophefy,
" This work, by merit firft of fame fecure,
" Is likewife happy in its geniture;
" For fince 'tis born when Charles afcends the throne,
" It fhares, at once, his fortune and its own."

II.

To my honoured friend, Dr. CHARLETON, *on his learned and ufeful works; but more particularly his Treatife of Stone-Henge, by him reftored to the true founder.*

THE longeft tyranny that ever fway'd,
Was that wherein our anceftors betray'd
Their free-born reafon to the Stagyrite,
And made his torch their univerfal light.
So truth, while only one fupply'd the ftate,
Grew fcarce and dear, and yet fophifticate.
Still it was bought, like emp'ric wares or charms,
Hard words, feal'd up with Ariftotle's arms.
Columbus was the firft that fhook his throne,
And found a Temp'rate in a Torrid zone;
The fev'rifh air, fann'd by a cooling breeze,
The fruitful vales fet round with fhady trees,
And guiltlefs men, who danc'd away their time,
Frefh as their groves, and happy as their clime.
Had we ftill paid that homage to a name,
Which only God and Nature juftly claim,

The weſtern ſeas had been our utmoſt bound,
Where poets ſtill might dream the ſun was drown'd,
And all the ſtars that ſhine in ſouthern ſkies
Had been admir'd by none but ſavage eyes.
Among th' aſſerters of free Reaſon's claim,
Our nation's not the leaſt in worth or fame.
The world to Bacon does not only owe
Its preſent knowledge, but its future too.
Gilberd ſhall live till loadſtones ceaſe to draw,
Or Britiſh fleets the boundleſs ocean awe;
And noble Boyle, not leſs in Nature ſeen
Than his great brother read in ſtates and men.
The circling ſtreams, once thought but pools of blood,
(Whether life's fuel or the body's food)
From dark oblivion Harvey's name ſhall ſave,
While Ent keeps all the honour that he gave.
Nor are you, learned Friend! the leaſt renown'd,
Whoſe fame, not circumſcrib'd with Engliſh ground,
Flies, like the nimble journies of the light,
And is, like that, unſpent, too, in its flight.
Whatever truths have been by Art or Chance
Redeem'd from error or from ignorance,
Thin in their authors, like rich veins of ore,
Your works unite, and ſtill diſcover more:
Such is the healing virtue of your pen,
To perfect cures on books as well as men.
Nor is this work the leaſt; you well may give
To men new vigour, who make ſtones to live.

Thro' you the Danes, their ſhort dominion loſt,
A longer conqueſt than the Saxons boaſt.
Stone-Henge, once thought a temple, you have found
A throne, where kings, our earthly gods, were crown'd;
Where by their wond'ring ſubjects they were ſeen,
Joy'd with their ſtature and their princely mien.
Our Sov'reign here above the reſt might ſtand,
And here be choſe again to rule the land.
  Theſe Ruins ſhelter'd once his ſacred head,
When he from Worc'ſter's fatal battle fled,
Watch'd by the Genius of this royal place,
And mighty viſions of the Daniſh race.
His refuge, then, was for a temple ſhown;
But, he reſtor'd, 'tis now become a throne.

III.

To the Lady CASTLEMAIN, *upon her encouraging his firſt play.*

As ſeamen, ſhipwreck'd on ſome happy ſhore,
Diſcover wealth in lands unknown before,
And, what their art had labour'd long in vain,
By their misfortunes happily obtain;
So my much-envy'd Muſe, by ſtorms long toſt,
Is thrown upon your hoſpitable coaſt,
And finds more favour by her ill ſucceſs,
Than ſhe could hope for by her happineſs.

Once Cato's virtue did the gods oppoſe,
While they the victor, he the vanquiſh'd, choſe;
But you have done what Cato could not do,
To chuſe the vanquiſh'd, and reſtore him too.
Let others ſtill triumph, and gain their cauſe
By their deſerts, or by the world's applauſe;
Let Merit crowns, and Juſtice laurels, give,
But let me, happy, by your pity live.
True poets empty fame and praiſe deſpiſe;
Fame is the trumpet, but your ſmile the prize.
You ſit above, and ſee vain men below
Contend for what you only can beſtow:
But thoſe great actions others do by chance,
Are, like your beauty, your inheritance:
So great a ſoul, ſuch ſweetneſs, join'd in one,
Could only ſpring from noble Grandiſon.
You, like the ſtars, not by reflection bright,
Are born to your own heav'n and your own light;
Like them are good, but from a nobler cauſe,
From your own knowledge, not from Nature's laws.
Your pow'r you never uſe but for defence,
To guard your own or others' innocence:
Your foes are ſuch as they, not you, have made,
And Virtue may repel, tho' not invade.
Such courage did the ancient heroes ſhow,
Who, when they might prevent, would wait the blow;
With ſuch aſſurance as they meant to ſay,
We will o'ercome, but ſcorn the ſafeſt way.

What further fear of danger can there be?
Beauty, which captives all things, ſets me free.
Poſterity will judge by my ſucceſs,
I had the Grecian poet's happineſs,
Who, waving plots, found out a better way;
Some god deſcended, and preſerv'd the play.
When firſt the triumphs of your ſects were ſung
By thoſe old poets, Beauty was but young,
And few admir'd the native red and white,
Till poets dreſs'd them up to charm the ſight;
So Beauty took on truſt, and did engage
For ſums of praiſes till ſhe came to age:
But this long-growing debt to poetry
You, juſtly, Madam, have diſcharg'd to me,
When your applauſe and favour did infuſe
New life to my condemn'd and dying Muſe.

IV.

To Mr. LEE *on his* ALEXANDER.

THE blaſt of common cenſure could I fear,
Before your play my name ſhould not appear;
For 'twill be thought, and with ſome colour too,
I pay the bribe I firſt receiv'd from you;
That mutual vouchers for our fame we ſtand,
And play the game into each other's hand;
And as cheap penn'worths to ourſelves afford,
As Beſſus and the brothers of the ſword.

Such libels private men may well endure,
When ſtates and kings themſelves are not ſecure;
For ill men, conſcious of their inward guilt,
Think the beſt actions on by-ends are built.
And yet my ſilence had not 'ſcap'd their ſpite;
Then envy had not ſuffer'd me to write;
For ſince I could not ignorance pretend,
Such merit I muſt envy or commend.
So many candidates there ſtand for wit,
A place at court is ſcarce ſo hard to get:
In vain they crowd each other at the door;
For e'en reverſions are all begg'd before:
Deſert, how known ſoe'er, is long delay'd,
And then, too, fools and knaves are better paid.
Yet as ſome actions bear ſo great a name,
That courts themſelves are juſt for fear of ſhame;
So has the mighty merit of your play
Extorted praiſe, and forc'd itſelf a way.
'Tis here as 'tis at ſea; who fartheſt goes,
Or dares the moſt, makes all the reſt his foes.
Yet when ſome virtue much outgrows the reſt,
It ſhoots too faſt and high to be expreſs'd;
As his heroic worth ſtruck Envy dumb
Who took the Dutchman, and who cut the boom.
Such praiſe is your's, while you the paſſions move,
That 'tis no longer feign'd, 'tis real love,
Where Nature triumphs over wretched Art;
We only warm the head, but you the heart:

Always you warm; and if the riſing year,
As in hot règions, brings the ſun too near,
'Tis but to make your fragrant ſpices blow,
Which in our cooler climates will not grow.
They only think you animate your theme
With too much fire, who are themſelves all phlegm.
Prizes would be for lags of ſloweſt pace,
Were cripples made the judges of the race.
Deſpiſe thoſe drones who praiſe while they accuſe
The too much vigour of your youthful Muſe:
That humble ſtyle which they your virtue make
Is in your pow'r; you need but ſtoop and take.
Your beauteous images muſt be allow'd
By all, but ſome vile poets of the crowd.
But how ſhould any ſignpoſt dauber know
The worth of Titian or of Angelo?
Hard features ev'ry bungler can command;
To draw true beauty ſhews a maſter's hand.

V.

To the Earl of ROSCOMMON, *on his excellent Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe.*

WHETHER the fruitful Nile or Tyrian ſhore
The ſeeds of arts and infant ſcience bore,
'Tis ſure the noble plant, tranſlated firſt,
Advanc'd its head in Grecian gardens nurſt.

The Grecians added verse; their tuneful tongue
Made Nature first, and Nature's God, their song.
Nor stopt Translation here: for conqu'ring Rome,
With Grecian spoils, brought Grecian numbers home,
Enrich'd by those Athenian Muses more
Than all the vanquish'd world could yield before;
Till barb'rous nations, and more barb'rous times,
Debas'd the majesty of verse to rhymes;
Those rude at first, a kind of hobbling prose,
That limp'd along, and tinkled in the close.
But Italy, reviving from the trance
Of Vandal, Goth, and Monkish ignorance,
With pauses, cadence, and well-vowell'd words,
And all the graces a good ear affords,
Made rhyme an art; and Dante's polish'd page
Restor'd a Silver, not a Golden, age.
Then Petrarch follow'd, and in him we see
What rhyme, improv'd in all its height, can be;
At best a pleasing sound and fair barbarity.
The French pursu'd their steps; and Britain last,
In manly sweetness all the rest surpass'd.
 The wit of Greece, the gravity of Rome,
Appear exalted in the British loom:
The Muses' empire is restor'd again
In Charles his reign, and by Roscommon's pen:
Yet modestly he does his work survey,
And calls a finish'd poem an Essay:

For all the needful rules are ſcatter'd here,
Truth ſmoothly told, and pleaſantly ſevere;
So well is art diſguis'd, for nature to appear.
Nor need thoſe rules to give tranſlation light;
His own example is a flame ſo bright,
That he who but arrives to copy well,
Unguided will advance, unknowing will excel.
Scarce his own Horace could ſuch rules ordain,
Or his own Virgil ſing a nobler ſtrain.
How much in him may riſing Ireland boaſt!
How much in gaining him has Britain loſt!
Their iſland, in revenge, has our's reclaim'd;
The more inſtructed we, the more we ſtill are ſham'd.
'Tis well for us his gen'rous blood did flow,
Deriv'd from Britiſh channels long ago,
That here his conqu'ring anceſtors were nurſt,
And Ireland but tranſlated England firſt:
By this repriſal we regain our right,
Elſe muſt the two contending nations fight;
A nobler quarrel for his native earth,
Than what divided Greece for Homer's birth.
To what perfection will our tongue arrive,
How will invention and tranſlation thrive,
When authors nobly born will bear their part,
And not diſdain th' inglorious praiſe of art!
Great gen'rals thus, deſcending from command,
With their own toil provoke the ſoldiers' hand.

How will ſweet Ovid's ghoſt be pleas'd to hear
His fame augmented by an Engliſh peer!
How he embelliſhes his Helen's loves,
Outdoes his ſoftneſs, and his ſenſe improves!
When theſe tranſlate, and teach tranſlators too,
Nor firſtling kid, nor any vulgar vow,
Should at Apollo's grateful altar ſtand:
Roſcommon writes; to that auſpicious hand,
Muſe! feed the bull that ſpurns the yellow ſand.
Roſcommon! whom both court and camps commend,
True to his prince, and faithful to his friend;
Roſcommon! firſt in fields of honour known,
Firſt in the peaceful triumphs of the gown,
Who both Minervas juſtly makes his own.
Now let the few belov'd by Jove, and they
Whom infus'd Titan form'd of better clay,
On equal terms with ancient wit engage,
Nor mighty Homer fear, nor ſacred Virgil's page:
Our Engliſh palace opens wide in ſtate,
And, without ſtooping, they may paſs the gate. 78

VI.

To her Royal Highneſs the DUCHESS, *on the memorable victory gained by the Duke over the Hollanders, June* 3, 1665; *and on her journey afterwards into the North.*

MADAM,

WHEN, for our ſakes, your hero you reſign'd
To ſwelling ſeas, and every faithleſs wind;

When you releas'd his courage, and ſet free
A valour fatal to the enemy,
You lodg'd your country's cares within your breaſt,
(The manſion where ſoft Love ſhould only reſt)
And, ere our foes abroad were overcome,
The nobleſt conqueſt you had gain'd at home.
Ah, what concerns did both your ſouls divide!
Your honour gave us what your love deny'd;
And 'twas for him much eaſier to ſubdue
Thoſe foes he fought with than to part from you.
That glorious day which two ſuch navies ſaw,
As each, unmatch'd, might to the world give law,
Neptune, yet doubtful whom he ſhould obey,
Held to them both the trident of the ſea:
The winds were huſh'd, the waves in ranks were caſt,
As awfully as when God's people paſt;
Thoſe yet uncertain on whoſe ſails to blow,
Theſe where the wealth of nations ought to flow.
Then with the Duke your Highneſs rul'd the day;
While all the brave did his command obey,
The fair and pious under you did pray.
How pow'rful are chaſte vows! the wind and tide
You brib'd to combat on the Engliſh ſide.
Thus to your much-lov'd lord you did convey
An unknown ſuccour, ſent the neareſt way:
New vigour to his wearied arms you brought,
(So Moſes was upheld while Iſrael fought)

While, from afar, we heard the cannon play,
Like diſtant thunder on a ſhiny day.
For abſent friends we were aſham'd to fear,
When we conſider'd what you ventur'd there.
Ships, men, and arms, our country might reſtore,
But ſuch a leader could ſupply no more.
With gen'rous thoughts of conqueſt he did burn,
Yet fought not more to vanquiſh than return.
Fortune and Victory he did purſue,
To bring them, as his ſlaves, to wait on you.
Thus beauty raviſh'd the rewards of fame,
And the fair triumph'd when the brave o'ercame.
Then, as you meant to ſpread another way,
By land, your conqueſts, far as his by ſea,
Leaving our ſouthern clime, you march'd along
The ſtubborn North ten thouſand Cupids ſtrong.
Like commons the nobility reſort,
In crowding heaps to fill your moving court:
To welcome your approach the vulgar run,
Like ſome new envoy from the diſtant ſun;
And country-beauties by their lovers go,
Bleſſing themſelves, and wond'ring at the ſhow.
So when the new-born phœnix firſt is ſeen,
Her feather'd ſubjects all adore their queen,
And while ſhe makes her progreſs thro' the Eaſt,
From ev'ry grove her num'rous train's increaſt;
Each Poet of the air her glory ſings,
And round him the pleas'd audience clap their wings.

VII.

A letter to Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE.

To you who live in chill degree,
As map informs, of fifty-three,
And do not much for cold atone,
By bringing thither fifty-one,
Methinks all climes ſhould be alike,
From Tropic e'en to pole Arctic,
Since you have ſuch a conſtitution
As no where ſuffers diminution.
You can be old in grave debate,
And young in love-affairs of ſtate;
And both to wives and huſbands ſhow
The vigour of a Plenipo.
Like mighty miſſioner you come
Ad partes infidelium.
A work of wondrous merit ſure,
So far to go, ſo much t' endure;
And all to preach to German dame,
Where ſound of Cupid never came.
Leſs had you done, had you been ſent
As far as Drake or Pinto went,
For cloves or nutmegs to the Line-a,
Or e'en for oranges to China,
That had indeed been charity,
Where love-ſick ladies helpleſs lie,
Chapt, and for want of liquor dry.

But you have made your zeal appear
Within the circle of the Bear:
What region of the earth ſo dull,
That is not of your labours full?
Triptolemus (ſo ſung the Nine)
Strew'd plenty from his cart divine.
But, ſpite of all theſe fable-makers,
He never ſow'd on Almain acres:
No, that was left, by Fate's decree,
To be perform'd and ſung by thee.
Thou break'ſt thro' forms with as much eaſe
As the French King thro' articles.
In grand affairs thy days are ſpent,
In waging weighty compliment
With ſuch as monarchs repreſent.
They whom ſuch vaſt fatigues attend,
Want ſome ſoft minutes to unbend,
To ſhew the world that now and then
Great miniſters are mortal men.
Then Rheniſh rummers walk the round,
In bumpers ev'ry king is crown'd;
Beſides three holy mitred Hectors,
And the whole college of Electors.
No health of potentate is ſunk,
That pays to make his Envoy drunk.
Theſe Dutch delights I mention'd laſt
Suit not, I know, your Engliſh taſte;
For wine to leave a whore or play
Was ne'er your Excellency's way.

Nor need this title give offence,
For here you were your Excellence;
For gaming, writing, ſpeaking, keeping,
His Excellence for all but ſleeping.
Now, if you top in form and treat,
'Tis the ſour ſauce to the ſweet meat,
The fine you pay for being great.
Nay, here's a harder impoſition,
Which is indeed the Court's petition,
That, ſetting worldly pomp aſide,
Which poet has at font deny'd,
You would be pleas'd, in humble way,
To write a trifle call'd a Play.
This truly is a degradation,
But would oblige the crown and nation
Next to your wiſe negotiation.
If you pretend, as well you may,
Your high degree, your friends will ſay,
The Duke St. Aignon made a play.
If Gallic wit convince you ſcarce,
His Grace of Bucks has made a Farce;
And you, whoſe comic wit is terſe all,
Can hardly fall below Rehearſal:
Then finiſh what you have began,
But ſcribble faſter, if you can:
For yet no George, to our diſcerning,
Has writ without a ten years' warning.

VIII.

To Mr. SOUTHERN, *on his Comedy called The Wives' Excuſe.*

SURE there's a fate in plays, and 'tis in vain
To write while theſe malignant planets reign.
Some very fooliſh influence rules the pit,
Not always kind to ſenſe, or juſt to wit;
And whilſt it laſts let buffoon'ry ſucceed
To make us laugh, for never was more need.
Farce, in itſelf, is of a naſty ſcent,
But the gain ſmells not of the excrement.
The Spaniſh Nymph, a wit and beauty too,
With all her charms, bore but a ſingle ſhow;
But let a monſter Muſcovite appear,
He draws a crowded audience round the year.
May be thou haſt not pleas'd the box and pit;
Yet thoſe who blame thy tale applaud thy wit:
So Terence plotted, but ſo Terence writ.
Like his thy thoughts are true, thy language clean;
E'en lewdneſs is made moral in thy ſcene.
The hearers may for want of Nokes repine,
But reſt ſecure the readers will be thine.
Nor was thy labour'd drama damn'd or hiſs'd,
But with a kind civility diſmiſs'd;
With ſuch good manners as the wiſe did uſe
Who, not accepting, did but juſt refuſe.

There was a glance at parting; ſuch a look
As bids thee not give o'er for one rebuke.
But if thou would'ſt be ſeen as well as read,
Copy one living author and one dead:
The ſtandard of thy ſtyle let Etherege be;
For wit, th' immortal ſpring of Wycherley:
Learn, after both, to draw ſome juſt deſign,
And the next age will learn to copy thine.

IX.

To HENRY HIGDEN, *Eſq. on his tranſlation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal.*

THE Grecian wits, who ſatire firſt began,
Were pleaſant Paſquins on the life of man;
At mighty villains, who the ſtate oppreſt,
They durſt not rail; perhaps they laſh'd, at leaſt,
And turn'd them out of office with a jeſt.
No fool could peep abroad, but ready ſtand
The drolls to clap a bauble in his hand.
Wiſe legiſlators never yet could draw
A fop within the reach of Common law;
For poſture, dreſs, grimace, and affectation,
Tho' foes to ſenſe, are harmleſs to the nation.
Our laſt redreſs is dint of verſe to try,
And ſatire is our court of Chancery.
This way took Horace to reform an age
Not bad enough to need an author's rage.

But your's, who liv'd in more degen'rate times,
Was forc'd to faſten deep, and worry crimes.
Yet you, my Friend! have temper'd him ſo well,
You make him ſmile in ſpite of all his zeal;
An art peculiar to yourſelf alone,
To join the virtues of two ſtyles in one.

Oh! were your author's principle receiv'd,
Half of the lab'ring world would be reliev'd;
For not to wiſh is not to be deceiv'd.
Revenge would into charity be chang'd,
Becauſe it coſts too dear to be reveng'd:
It coſts our quiet and content of mind,
And when 'tis compaſs'd leaves a ſting behind.
Suppoſe I had the better end o' th' ſtaff,
Why ſhould I help th' ill-natur'd world to laugh?
'Tis all alike to them who get the day;
They love the ſpite and miſchief of the fray.
No; I have cur'd myſelf of that diſeaſe,
Nor will I be provok'd but when I pleaſe;
But let me half that cure to you reſtore,
You gave the ſalve, I laid it to the ſore.

Our kind relief againſt a rainy day,
Beyond a tavern or a tedious play,
We take your book, and laugh our ſpleen away.
If all your tribe, too ſtudious of debate,
Would ceaſe falſe hopes and titles to create,
Led by the rare example you begun,
Clients would fail, and lawyers be undone.

X.

To my dear friend Mr. CONGREVE, *on his Comedy called The Double Dealer.*

WELL, then, the promis'd hour is come at laſt,
The preſent age of wit obſcures the paſt:
Strong were our ſires, and as they fought they writ,
Conqu'ring with force of arms and dint of wit:
Theirs was the giant race before the flood;
And thus, when Charles return'd, our empire ſtood.
Like Janus, he the ſtubborn ſoil manur'd,
With rules of huſbandry the rankneſs cur'd;
Tam'd us to manners when the ſtage was rude,
And boiſtrous Engliſh wit with art endu'd.
Our age was cultivated thus at length,
But what we gain'd in ſkill we loſt in ſtrength.
Our builders were with want of genius curs'd;
The ſecond temple was not like the firſt;
Till you, the beſt Vitruvius, come at length,
Our beauties equal, but excel our ſtrength.
Firm Doric pillars found your ſolid baſe,
The fair Corinthian crowns the higher ſpace;
Thus all below is ſtrength, and all above is grace.
In eaſy dialogue is Fletcher's praiſe;
He mov'd the mind, but had not pow'r to raiſe.
Great Johnſon did by ſtrength of judgment pleaſe;
Yet doubling Fletcher's force he wants his eaſe.

In diff'ring talents both adorn'd their age,
One for the ſtudy, th' other for the ſtage:
But both to Congreve juſtly ſhall ſubmit,
One match'd in judgment, both o'ermatch'd in wit.
In him all beauties of this age we ſee,
Etherege his courtſhip, Southern's purity,
The ſatire, wit, and ſtrength of manly Wycherley.
All this in blooming youth you have achiev'd,
Nor are your foil'd contemporaries griev'd.
So much the ſweetneſs of your manners move,
We cannot envy you, becauſe we love.
Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he ſaw
A beardleſs conſul made againſt the law,
And join his ſuffrage to the votes of Rome,
Tho' he with Hannibal was overcome.
Thus old Romano bow'd to Raphael's fame,
And ſcholar to the youth he taught became.
O that your brows my laurel had ſuſtain'd!
Well had I been depos'd, if you had reign'd:
The father had deſcended for the ſon,
For only you are lineal to the throne.
Thus when the ſtate one Edward did depoſe,
A greater Edward in his room aroſe.
But now not I, but Poetry is curs'd,
For Tom the Second reigns like Tom the Firſt.
But let 'em not miſtake my patron's part,
Nor call his charity their own deſert.

Yet this I propheſy; Thou ſhalt be ſeen
(Tho' with ſome ſhort parentheſis between)
High on the throne of Wit, and, ſeated there,
Not mine (that's little) but thy laurel wear.
Thy firſt attempt an early promiſe made;
That early promiſe this has more than paid.
So bold, yet ſo judiciouſly you dare,
That your leaſt praiſe is to be regular.
Time, place, and action, may with pains be wrought,
But genius muſt be born, and never can be taught.
This is your portion, this your native ſtore,
Heav'n, that but once was prodigal before,
To Shakeſpeare gave as much; ſhe could not give him more.
  Maintain your poſt, that's all the fame you need,
For 'tis impoſſible you ſhould proceed.
Already I am worn with cares and age,
And juſt abandoning th' ungrateful ſtage.
Unprofitably kept at Heav'n's expenſe,
I live a rent-charge on his providence:
But you, whom ev'ry Muſe and Grace adorn,
Whom I foreſee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my Remains; and, O defend,
Againſt your judgment, your departed friend!
Let not th' inſulting foe my fame purſue,
But ſhade thoſe laurels which deſcend to you;
And take for tribute what theſe lines expreſs;
You merit more, nor could my love do leſs.

XI.

To Mr. GRANVILLE, *on his excellent Tragedy called Heroic Love.*

AUSPICIOUS Poet! wert thou not my friend,
How could I envy what I muſt commend?
But ſince 'tis Nature's law in love and wit,
That youth ſhould reign, and with'ring age ſubmit,
With leſs regret thoſe laurels I reſign,
Which dying on my brows, revive on thine.
With better grace an ancient chief my yield
The long-contended honours of the field,
Than venture all his fortune at a caſt,
And fight, like Hannibal, to loſe at laſt.
Young princes, obſtinate to win the prize,
Tho' yearly beaten, yearly yet they riſe:
Old monarchs, tho' ſucceſsful, ſtill in doubt,
Catch at a peace, and wiſely turn devout.
Thine be the laurel, then; thy blooming age
Can beſt, if any can, ſupport the ſtage,
Which ſo declines, that ſhortly we may ſee
Players and plays reduc'd to ſecond infancy.
Sharp to the world, but thoughtleſs of renown,
They plot not on the ſtage, but on the Town,
And, in deſpair their empty pit to fill,
Set up ſome foreign monſter in a bill.

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Thus they jog on, ſtill tricking, never thriving,
And murd'ring plays, which they miſcal Reviving.
Our ſenſe is nonſenſe thro' their pipes convey'd;
Scarce can a poet know the play he made,
'Tis ſo diſguis'd in death, nor thinks 'tis he
That ſuffers in the mangled tragedy.
Thus Itys firſt was kill'd, and after dreſt
For his own ſire, the chief invited gueſt.
I ſay not this of thy ſucceſsful ſcenes,
Where thine was all the glory, theirs the gains.
With length of time, much judgment, and more toil,
Not ill they acted what they could not ſpoil.
Their ſetting ſun ſtill ſhoots a glimm'ring ray,
Like ancient Rome, majeſtic in decay;
And better gleanings their worn ſoil can boaſt
Than the crab-vintage of the neighb'ring coaſt.
This diff'rence yet the judging world will ſee,
Thou copieſt Homer, and they copy thee.

XII.

To my friend Mr. MOTTEUX, *on his Tragedy called Beauty in Diſtreſs.*

'TIS hard, my friend! to write in ſuch an age
As damns not only poets but the ſtage.
That ſacred art, by Heav'n itſelf infus'd,
Which, Moſes, David, Solomon, have us'd,

Is now to be no more. The Muſes' foes
Would ſink their Maker's praiſes into proſe.
Were they content to prune the laviſh vine
Of ſtraggling branches, and improve the wine,
Who, but a madman, would his thoughts defend?
All would ſubmit; for all but fools will mend:
But when to common ſenſe they give the lie,
And turn diſtorted words to blaſphemy,
They give the ſcandal, and the wiſe diſcern
Their gloſſes teach an age too apt to learn.
What I have looſely or profanely writ,
Let them to fires, their due deſert, commit:
Nor, when accus'd by me, let them complain;
Their faults, and not their function, I arraign.
Rebellion, worſe than witchcraft, they purſu'd;
The pulpit preach'd the crime the people ru'd.
The ſtage was ſilenc'd, for the ſaints would ſee
In fields perform'd their plotted tragedy.
But let us firſt reform, and then ſo live,
That we may teach our teachers to forgive:
Our deſk be plac'd below their lofty chairs;
Our's be the practice, as the precept theirs.
The moral part, at leaſt, we may divide,
Humility reward, and puniſh pride;
Ambition, int'reſt, avarice, accuſe;
Theſe are the province of a Tragic Muſe.
Theſe haſt thou choſen; and the public voice
Has equall'd thy performance with thy choice.

Time, action, place, are so preserv'd by thee,
That e'en Cornëille might with envy see
Th' alliance of his tripled Unity.
Thy incidents, perhaps, too thick are sown;
But too much plenty is thy fault alone.
At least but two can that good crime commit,
Thou in design, and Wycherley in wit.
Let thy own Gauls condemn thee if they dare,
Contented to be thinly regular.
Born there, but not for them, our fruitful soil
With more increase rewards thy happy toil.
Their tongue, enfeebled, is refin'd too much,
And, like pure gold, it bends at ev'ry touch:
Our sturdy Teuton yet will art obey,
More fit for manly thought, and strengthen'd with [allay.
But whence art thou inspir'd, and thou alone,
To flourish in an idiom not thy own?
It moves our wonder that a foreign guest
Should overmatch the most, and match the best.
In under-praising thy deserts I wrong;
Here find the first deficience of our tongue;
Words, once my stock, are wanting to commend
So great a poet and so good a friend.

XIII.

To the Duchess of YORK, *on her return from Scotland in the year* 1682.

WHEN factious rage to cruel exile drove
The Queen of Beauty and the Court of Love,
The Muses droop'd with their forsaken arts,
And the sad Cupids broke their useless darts;
Our fruitful plains to wilds and deserts turn'd,
Like Eden's face when banish'd Man it mourn'd.
Love was no more when Loyalty was gone,
The great supporter of his awful throne.
Love could no longer after Beauty stay,
But wander'd northward to the verge of day,
As if the sun and he had lost their way.
But now th' illustrious Nymph, return'd again,
Brings ev'ry grace triumphant in her train.
The wond'rng Nereids, tho' they rais'd no storm,
Foreflow'd her passage to behold her form.
Some cry'd, A Venus; some, A Thetis, past;
But this was not so fair, nor that so chaste.
Far from her sight flew Faction, Strife, and Pride,
And Envy did but look on her, and dy'd.
Whate'er we suffer'd from her sullen fate,
Her sight is purchas'd at an easy rate.
Three gloomy years against this day were set,
But this one mighty sum has clear'd the debt;

Like Joſeph's dream, but with a better doom,
The famine paſt, the plenty ſtill to come.
For her the weeping heav'ns become ſerene;
For her the ground is clad in cheerful green;
For her the nightingales are taught to ſing,
And Nature has for her delay'd the ſpring.
The Muſe reſumes her long-forgotten lays,
And Love, reſtor'd, his ancient realm ſurveys,
Recalls our beauties, and revives our plays;
His waſte dominions peoples once again,
And from her preſence dates his ſecond reign.
But awful charms on her fair forehead ſit,
Diſpenſing what ſhe never will admit;
Pleaſing, yet cold, like Cynthia's ſilver beam,
The people's wonder and the poet's theme.
Diſtemper'd Zeal, Sedition, canker'd Hate,
No more ſhall vex the church and tear the ſtate;
No more ſhall Faction civil diſcords move,
Or only diſcords of too tender love;
Diſcord like that of muſic's various parts;
Diſcord that makes the harmony of hearts;
Diſcord that only this diſpute ſhall bring,
Who beſt ſhall love the Duke and ſerve the King.

XIV.

To my honoured kinsman, JOHN DRYDEN, *of Chesterton, in the county of Huntingdon, Esq.*

How bless'd is he who leads a country life,
Unvex'd with anxious cares, and void of strife!
Who, studying peace, and shunning civil rage,
Enjoy'd his youth, and now enjoys his age!
All who deserve his love he makes his own,
And to be lov'd himself needs only to be known.
Just, good, and wise, contending neighbours come,
From your award to wait their final doom,
And, foes before, return in friendship home.
Without their cost you terminate the cause,
And save th' expense of long litigious laws,
Where suits are travers'd, and so little won,
That he who conquers is but last undone.
Such are not your decrees; but, so design'd,
The sanction leaves a lasting peace behind,
Like your own soul serene, a pattern of your mind
Promoting concord, and composing strife,
Lord of yourself, uncumber'd with a wife;
Where for a year, a month, perhaps a night,
Long penitence succeeds a short delight;
Minds are so hardly match'd, that e'en the first,
Tho' pair'd by Heav'n, in Paradise were curst:

For man and woman, tho' in one they grow,
Yet, firſt or laſt, return again to two:
He to God's image, ſhe to his was made;
So farther from the fount the ſtream at random ſtray'd.
  How could he ſtand when, put to double pain,
He muſt a weaker than himſelf ſuſtain?
Each might have ſtood perhaps; but, each alone!
Two wreſtlers help to pull each other down.
  Not that my verſe would blemiſh all the fair;
But yet, if ſome be bad, 'tis wiſdom to beware;
And better ſhun the bait than ſtruggle in the ſnare.
Thus have you ſhunn'd, and ſhun the marry'd ſtate,
Truſting as little as you can to Fate.
  No porter guards the paſſage of your door,
T' admit the wealthy and exclude the poor;
For God, who gave the riches, gave the heart
To ſanctify the whole, by giving part;
Heav'n, who foreſaw the will, the means has wrought,
And to the ſecond ſon a bleſſing brought:
The firſt-begotten had his father's ſhare,
But you, like Jacob, are Rebecca's heir.
  So may your ſtores and fruitful fields increaſe,
And ever be you bleſs'd who live to bleſs.
As Ceres ſow'd where'er her chariot flew;
As Heav'n in deſerts rain'd the bread of dew;
So, free to many, to relations moſt,
You feed with manna your own Iſrael hoſt.

With crowds attended of your ancient race,
You ſeek the champion ſports or ſylvan chaſe:
With well-breath'd beagles you ſurround the wood,
E'er then induſtrious of the common good;
And often have you brought the wily fox
To ſuffer for the firſtlings of the flocks;
Chas'd e'en amid the folds, and made to bleed,
Like felons, where they did the murd'rous deed.
This fiery game your active youth maintain'd,
Not yet by years extinguiſh'd, tho' reſtrain'd;
You ſeaſon ſtill with ſports your ſerious hours,
For age but taſtes of pleaſures, youth devours.
The hare in paſtures or in plains is found,
Emblem of human life, who runs the round,
And, after all his wand'ring ways are done,
His circle fills, and ends where he begun,
Juſt as the ſetting meets the riſing ſun.
Thus princes eaſe their cares; but happier he
Who ſeeks not pleaſure thro' neceſſity,
Than ſuch as once on ſlipp'ry thrones were plac'd,
And chaſing, ſigh to think themſelves are chas'd.
So liv'd our ſires ere doctors learn'd to kill,
And multiply'd with theirs the weekly bill.
The firſt phyſicians by debauch were made;
Exceſs began, and ſloth ſuſtains, the trade.
Pity the gen'rous kind their cares beſtow
To ſearch forbidden truths; (a ſin to know)

To which if human ſcience could attain,
The doom of death, pronounc'd by God, were vain:
In vain the leech would interpoſe delay;
Fate faſtens firſt, and vindicates the prey.
What help from Art's endeavours can we have?
Gibbons but gueſſes, nor is ſure to ſave;
But Maurus ſweeps whole pariſhes, and peoples ev'ry grave,
And no more mercy to mankind will uſe,
Than when he robb'd and murder'd Maro's Muſe.
Would'ſt thou be ſoon diſpatch'd, and periſh whole?
Truſt Maurus with thy life, and Milbourn with thy ſoul.
By chaſe our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food,
Toil ſtrung the nerves, and purify'd the blood;
But we, their ſons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to threeſcore years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauſeous draught.
The wiſe, for cure, on exerciſe depend:
God never made his work for man to mend.
The tree of Knowledge, once in Eden plac'd,
Was eaſy found, but was forbid the taſte:
O, had our grandſire walk'd without his wife,
He firſt had ſought the better plant of Life!
Now both are loſt; yet, wand'ring in the dark,
Phyſicians for the tree have found the bark:
They, lab'ring for relief of human kind,
With ſharpen'd ſight ſome remedies may find:
Th' apothecary-train is wholly blind.

From files a random recipe they take,
And many deaths of one prefcription make.
Garth, gen'rous as his Mufe, prefcribes and gives;
The fhopman fells, and by deftruction lives.
Ungrateful tribe! who, like the viper's brood,
From med'cine iffuing, fuck their mother's blood!
Let thefe obey, and let the learn'd prefcribe,
That men may die without a double bribe;
Let them, but under their fuperiors, kill
When doctors firft have fign'd the bloody bill.
He 'fcapes the beft who, nature to repair,
Draws phyfic from the fields in draughts of vital air.
You hoard not health for your own private ufe,
But on the public fpend the rich produce.
When, often urg'd, unwilling to be great,
Your country calls you from your lov'd retreat,
And fends to fenates, charg'd with common care,
Which none more fhuns, and none can better bear,
Where could they find another form'd fo fit,
To poife, with folid fenfe, a fprightly wit?
Were thefe both wanting, as they both abound,
Where could fo firm integrity be found?
Well-born, and wealthy, wanting no fupport,
You fteer betwixt the country and the court;
Nor gratify whate'er the great defire,
Nor grudging give what public needs require.
Part muft be left, a fund when foes invade,
And part employ'd to roll the wat'ry trade:

E'en Canaan's happy land, when worn with toil,
Requir'd a ſabbath-year to mend the meagre ſoil.
Good ſenators (and ſuch as you) ſo give
That kings may be ſupply'd, the people thrive.
And he, when want requires, is truly wiſe,
Who ſlights not foreign aids, nor over-buys,
But on our native ſtrength in time of needs relies.
Munſter was bought; we boaſt not the ſucceſs;
Who fights for gain, for greater makes his peace.
Our foes, compell'd by need, have peace embrac'd:
The peace both parties want is like to laſt;
Which if ſecure, ſecurely we may trade;
Or, not ſecure, ſhould never have been made.
Safe in ourſelves, while on ourſelves we ſtand,
The ſea is our's, and that defends the land.
Be then the naval ſtores the nation's care,
New ſhips to build, and batter'd to repair.
Obſerve the war in ev'ry annual courſe;
What has been done was done with Britiſh force.
Namure ſubdu'd is England's palm alone;
The reſt beſieg'd, but we conſtrain'd the town.
We ſaw th' event that follow'd our ſucceſs;
France, tho' pretending arms, purſu'd the peace;
Oblig'd, by one ſole treaty, to reſtore
What twenty years of wars had won before.
Enough for Europe has our Albion fought;
Let us enjoy the peace our blood has bought.

When once the Perſian king was put to flight,
The weary Macedons refus'd to fight;
Themſelves their own mortality confeſt,
And left the ſon of Jove to quarrel for the reſt.
E'en victors are by victories undone;
Thus Hannibal, with foreign laurels won,
To Carthage was recall'd, too late to keep his own.
While ſore of battle, while our wounds are green,
Why ſhould we tempt the doubtful dye agen?
In wars renew'd, uncertain of ſucceſs,
Sure of a ſhare as umpires of the peace.
A patriot both the king and country ſerves,
Prerogative and privilege preſerves;
Of each our laws the certain limit ſhow;
One muſt not ebb, nor th' other overflow:
Betwixt the prince and parliament we ſtand,
The barriers of the ſtate on either hand;
May neither overflow, for then they drown the land.
When both are full, they feed our bleſs'd abode,
Like thoſe that water'd once the Paradiſe of God.
Some overpoiſe of ſway by turns they ſhare,
In peace the people, and the prince in war:
Conſuls of mod'rate pow'r in calms were made;
When the Gauls came one ſole Dictator ſway'd.
Patriots in peace aſſert the people's right,
With noble ſtubbornneſs reſiſting might;
No lawleſs mandates from the Court receive,
Nor lend by force, but in a body give.

Such was your gen'rous grandſire; free to grant
In parliaments that weigh'd their prince's want;
But ſo tenacious of the common cauſe,
As not to lend the king againſt his laws;
And, in a loathſome dungeon doom'd to lie,
In bonds retain'd his birthright liberty,
And ſham'd Oppreſſion till it ſet him free.
O true deſcendent of a patriot line!
Who while thou ſhar'ſt their luſtre lend'ſt them thine,
Vouchſafe this picture of thy ſoul to ſee;
'Tis ſo far good as it reſembles thee:
The beauties to th' original I owe,
Which when I miſs, my own defects I ſhow:
Nor think the kindred Muſes thy diſgrace;
A poet is not born in ev'ry race:
Two of a houſe few ages can afford,
One to perform, another to record.
Praiſe-worthy actions are by thee embrac'd,
And 'tis my praiſe to make thy praiſes laſt:
For ev'n when death diſſolves our human frame,
The ſoul returns to Heav'n, from whence it came;
Earth keeps the body, Verſe preſerves the fame.

XV.

To Sir GODFREY KNELLER, *principal painter to his Majeſty.*

ONCE I beheld the faireſt of her kind,
And ſtill the ſweet idea charms my mind:
True, ſhe was dumb; for Nature gaz'd ſo long,
Pleas'd with her work, that ſhe forgot her tongue;
But, ſmiling, ſaid, She ſtill ſhall gain the prize;
I only have transferr'd it to her eyes.
Such are thy pictures, Kneller! ſuch thy ſkill,
That Nature ſeems obedient to thy will,
Comes out, and meets thy pencil in the draught;
Lives there, and wants but words to ſpeak her thought.
At leaſt thy pictures look a voice; and we
Imagine ſounds; deceiv'd to that degree,
We think 'tis ſomewhat more than juſt to ſee.
  Shadows are but privations of the light,
Yet when we walk they ſhoot before the ſight;
With us approach, retire, ariſe, and fall;
Nothing themſelves, and yet expreſſing all.
Such are thy pieces, imitating life
So near, they almoſt conquer in the ſtrife,
And from their animated canvaſs came
Demanding ſouls, and looſen'd from the frame.
  Prometheus, were he here, would caſt away
His Adam, and refuſe a ſoul to clay;

And either would thy nobler work inſpire,
Or think it warm enough without his fire.
But vulgar hands may vulgar likeneſs raiſe ;
This is the leaſt attendant on thy praiſe :
From hence the rudiments of Art began;
A coal, or chalk, firſt imitated man :
Perhaps the ſhadow, taken on a wall,
Gave outlines to the rude original,
Ere canvaſs yet was ſtain'd, before the grace
Of blended colours found their uſe and place,
Or cypreſs tablets firſt receiv'd a face.
By ſlow degrees the godlike art advanc'd;
As man grew poliſh'd, picture was inhanc'd.
Greece added poſture, ſhade, and perſpective,
And then the mimic-piece began to live.
Yet perſpective was lame, no diſtance true,
But all came forward in one common view;
No point of light was known, no bounds of art;
When light was there it knew not to depart,
But glaring, on remoter objects play'd,
Not languiſh'd, and inſenſibly decay'd.
Rome rais'd not Art, but barely kept alive,
And with old Greece unequally did ſtrive,
Till Goths and Vandals, a rude northern race,
Did all the matchleſs monuments deface;
Then all the Muſes in one ruin lie,
And rhyme began t' enervate poetry.

Thus, in a ſtupid military ſtate,
The pen and pencil find an equal fate:
Flat faces, ſuch as would diſgrace a ſcreen,
Such as in Bantam's embaſſy were ſeen,
Unrais'd, unrounded, were the rude delight
Of brutal nations only born to fight.
  Long time the Siſter Arts, in iron ſleep,
A heavy ſabbath did ſupinely keep;
At length, in Raphael's age, at once they riſe,
Stretch all their limbs, and open all their eyes.
  Thence roſe the Roman and the Lombard line;
One colour'd beſt, and one did beſt deſign.
Raphael's, like Homer's, was the nobler part,
But Titian's painting look'd like Virgil's art.
  Thy genius gives thee both: where true deſign,
Poſtures unforc'd, and lively colours join, 66
Likeneſs is ever there; but ſtill the beſt,
Like proper thoughts in lofty language dreſt,
Where light, to ſhades deſcending, plays, not ſtrives,
Dies by degrees, and by degrees revives.
Of various parts a perfect whole is wrought:
Thy pictures think, and we divine their thought.
  Shakeſpeare, thy gift, I place before my ſight;
With awe I aſk his bleſſing ere I write;
With rev'rence look on his majeſtic face,
Proud to be leſs, but of his godlike race.
His ſoul inſpires me while thy praiſe I write,
And I, like Teucer, under Ajax fight:

Bids thee, thro' me, be bold; with dauntlefs breaft
Contemn the bad, and emulate the beft.
Like his, thy critics in th' attempt are loft;
When moft they rail, know, then they envy moft.
In vain they fnarl aloof; a noify crowd,
Like women's anger, impotent and loud.
While they their barren induftry deplore,
Pafs on fecure, and mind the goal before.
Old as fhe is, my Mufe fhall march behind,
Bear off the blaft, and intercept the wind.
Our arts are fifters, tho' not twins in birth,
For hymns were fung in Eden's happy earth:
But, oh! the Painter-mufe, tho' laft in place,
Has feiz'd the bleffing firft, like Jacob's race.
Apelles' art an Alexander found,
And Raphael did with Leo's gold abound,
But Homer was with barren laurel crown'd.
Thou hadft thy Charles a while, and fo had I;
But pafs we that unpleafing image by.
Rich in thyfelf, and of thyfelf divine,
All pilgrims come and offer at thy fhrine.
A graceful truth thy pencil can command;
The fair themfelves go mended from thy hand.
Likenefs appears in every lineament;
But likenefs in thy work is eloquent.
Tho' Nature there her true refemblance bears,
A nobler beauty in thy piece appears.

So warm thy work, ſo glows the gen'rous frame,
Fleſh looks leſs living in the lovely dame.
Thou paint'ſt as we deſcribe, improving ſtill
When on wild Nature we ingraft our ſkill,
But not creating beauties at our will.

But poets are confin'd in narrower ſpace,
To ſpeak the language of their native place:
The painter widely ſtretches his command;
Thy pencil ſpeaks the tongue of ev'ry land.
From hence, my friend! all climates are your own,
Nor can you forfeit, for you hold of none.
All nations, all immunities, will give
To make you their's where'er you pleaſe to live,
And not ſev'n cities, but the world, would ſtrive.

Sure ſome propitious planet then did ſmile
When firſt you were conducted to this iſle:
Our Genius brought you here t' enlarge our fame,
For your good ſtars are ev'ry where the ſame.
Thy matchleſs hand, of ev'ry region free,
Adopts our climate, not our climate thee.

Great Rome and Venice early did impart
To thee th' examples of their wondrous art.
Thoſe maſters then, but ſeen, not underſtood,
With gen'rous emulation fir'd thy blood;
For what in Nature's dawn the child admir'd,
The youth endeavour'd, and the man acquir'd.

If yet thou haſt not reach'd their high degree,
'Tis only wanting to this age, not thee.

Thy genius, bounded by the times, like mine,
Drudges on petty draughts, nor dare deſign
A more exalted work, and more divine.
For what a ſong or ſenſeleſs opera
Is to the living labour of a play;
Or what a play to Virgil's work would be,
Such is a ſingle piece to Hiſtory.
But we, who life beſtow, ourſelves muſt live;
Kings cannot reign unleſs their ſubjects give;
And they who pay the taxes bear the rule:
Thus thou, ſometimes, art forc'd to draw a fool;
But ſo his follies in thy poſture ſink,
The ſenſeleſs idiot ſeems at laſt to think.
Good Heav'n! that ſots and knaves ſhould be ſo vain
To wiſh their vile reſemblance may remain!
And ſtand recorded, at their own requeſt,
To future days a libel or a jeſt!
Elſe ſhould we ſee your noble pencil trace
Our unities of action, time, and place;
A whole compos'd of parts, and thoſe the beſt,
With ev'ry various character expreſt;
Heroes at large, and at a nearer view;
Leſs, and at diſtance, an ignobler crew;
While all the figures in one action join,
As tending to complete the main deſign.
More cannot be by mortal Art expreſt,
But venerable Age ſhall add the reſt:

For Time ſhall with his ready pencil ſtand,
Retouch your figures with his rip'ning hand,
Mellow your colours, and imbrown the teint,
Add ev'ry grace which Time alone can grant;
To future ages ſhall your fame convey,
And give more beauties than he takes away.

XVI.

A familiar Epiſtle to Mr. JULIAN, *Secretary of the Muſes.*

Thou common ſhore of this poetic Town,
Where all the excrements of wit are thrown,
For ſonnet, ſatire, bawdry, blaſphemy,
Are emptied and diſburden'd all in thee;
The chol'ric wight, untruſſing all in rage,
Finds thee, and lays his load upon thy page.
Thou, Julian! or thou wiſe Veſpaſian rather,
Doſt from this dung thy well-pick'd guineas gather;
All miſchief's thine; tranſcribing thou wilt ſtoop
From lofty Middleſex to lowly Scroop.
What times are theſe when, in the hero's room,
Bow-bending Cupid doth with ballads come,
And little Aſton offers to the bum?
Can two ſuch pigmies ſuch a weight ſupport,
Two ſuch Tom Thumbs of ſatire in a court!
Poor George grows old, his Muſe worn out of faſhion,
Hoarſly he ſung Ephelia's lamentation.

Leſs art thou help'd by Dryden's bed-ride age,
That drone has loſt his ſting upon the ſtage.
Reſolve me, poor Apoſtate! this my doubt,
What hope haſt thou to rub this winter out?
Know, and be thankful then, for Providence
By me hath ſent thee this intelligence.
A knight there is, if thou canſt gain his grace,
Known by the name of the Hard-favour'd Face,
For proweſs of the pen renown'd is he,
From Don Quixote deſcended lineally;
And tho', like him, unfortunate he prove,
Undaunted in attempts of wit and love:
Of his unfiniſh'd face what ſhall I ſay,
But that 'twas made of Adam's own red clay?
That much, much ochre was on it beſtow'd;
God's image 'tis not, but ſome Indian god;
Our Chriſtian earth can no reſemblance bring,
But ware of Portugal, for ſuch a thing.
Such carbuncles his fiery face confeſs,
As no Hungarian water can redreſs;
A face which, ſhould he ſee, (but Heav'n was kind,
And to indulge his ſelf Love made him blind)
He durſt not ſtir abroad for fear to meet
Curſes of teeming women in the ſtreet:
The beſt could happen from this hideous ſight,
Is that they ſhould miſcarry with the fright—
Heav'n guard 'em from the likeneſs of the knight.

Such is our charming Strephon's outward man,
His inward parts let thoſe diſcloſe who can.
One while he honoureth Birtha with his flame,
And now he chants no leſs Loviſa's name;
For when his paſſion hath been bubbling long,
The ſcum at laſt boils up into a ſong;
And ſure no mortal creature, at one time,
Was e'er ſo far o'ergone with love and rhyme.
To his dear ſelf of poetry he talks,
His hands and feet are ſcanning as he walks;
His writhing looks his pangs of wit accuſe,
The airy ſymptoms of a breeding Muſe,
And all to gain the great Loviſa's grace,
But never pen did pimp for ſuch a face:
There's not a nymph in city, town, or court,
But Strephon's billet-doux has been their ſport.
Still he loves on, yet ſtill he's ſure to miſs,
As they who waſh an Ethiop's face or his.
What fate unhappy Strephon does attend,
Never to get a miſtreſs nor a friend?
Strephon alike both wits and fools deteſt,
'Cauſe he's like Æſop's batt, half bird half beaſt;
For fools to poetry have no pretence,
And common wit ſuppoſes common ſenſe:
Not quite ſo low as fool, nor quite a top,
He hangs between them both, and is a fop.
His morals, like his wit, are motley too;
He keeps from arrant knave with much ado;

But vanity and lying ſo prevail,
That one grain more of each would turn the ſcale.
He would be more a villain had he time,
But he's ſo wholly taken up with rhyme,
That he miſtakes his talent; all his care
Is to be thought a Poet fine and fair.
Small beer and gruel are his meat and drink,
The diet he preſcribes himſelf to think:
Rhyme, next his heart, he takes at the morn peep,
Some love-epiſtles at the hour of ſleep:
So betwixt elegy and ode, we ſee
Strephon is in a courſe of poetry.
This is the man ordain'd to do thee good,
The pelican to feed thee with his blood;
Thy wit, thy poet, nay, thy friend; for he
Is fit to be a friend to none but thee.
Make ſure of him, and of his Muſe, betimes,
For all his ſtudy is hung round with rhymes.
Laugh at him, joſtle him, yet ſtill he writes;
In rhyme he challenges, in rhyme he fights:
Charg'd with the laſt and baſeſt infamy,
His bus'neſs is to think what rhymes to lie;
Which found, in fury he retorts again;
Strephon's a very dragon at his pen:
His brother murder'd, and his mother whor'd,
His miſtreſs loſt, and yet his pen's his ſword.

XVII.

To her Grace the Duchess of ORMOND, *with the Author's Translation of Palamon and Arcite.*

MADAM,

The bard who firſt adorn'd our native tongue,
Tun'd to his Britiſh lyre this ancient ſong,
Which Homer might without a bluſh rehearſe,
And leaves a doubtful palm in Virgil's verſe:
He match'd their beauties where they moſt excel,
Of love ſung better, and of arms as well.
Vouchſafe, illuſtrious Ormond! to behold
What pow'r the charms of beauty had of old;
Nor wonder if ſuch deeds of arms were done,
Inſpir'd by two fair eyes that ſparkled like your own.
If Chaucer by the beſt idea wrought,
And poets can divine each other's thought,
The faireſt nymph before his eyes he ſet,
And then the faireſt was Plantagenet,
Who three contending princes made their prize,
And rul'd the rival nations with her eyes;
Who left immortal trophies of her fame,
And to the nobleſt Order gave the name.
Like her, of equal kindred to the throne,
You keep her conqueſts and extend your own:
As when the ſtars in their ethereal race,
At length have roll'd around the liquid ſpace,
At certain periods they reſume their place;

From the ſame point of heav'n their courſe advance,
And move in meaſures of their former dance;
Thus after length of ages ſhe returns,
Reſtor'd in you, and the ſame place adorns;
Or you perform her office in the ſphere,
Born of her blood, and make a new Platonic year.
O true Plantagenet! O race divine!
(For beauty ſtill is fatal to the line)
Had Chaucer liv'd that angel-face to view,
Sure he had drawn his Emily from you;
Or had you liv'd to judge the doubtful right,
Your noble Palamon had been the Knight;
And conqu'ring Theſeus from his ſide had ſent
Your gen'rous lord to guide the Theban government.
Time ſhall accompliſh that; and I ſhall ſee
A Palamon in him, in you an Emily.
Already have the Fates your path prepar'd,
And ſure preſage your future ſway declar'd.
When weſtward, like the ſun, you took your way,
And from benighted Britain bore the day,
Blue Triton gave the ſignal from the ſhore,
The ready Nereids heard, and ſwam before
To ſmooth the ſeas; a ſoft Eteſian gale
But juſt inſpir'd, and gently ſwell'd the ſail;
Portunus took his turn, whoſe ample hand
Heav'd up the lighten'd keel, and ſunk the ſand,
And ſteer'd the ſacred veſſel ſafe to land.

The land, if not reſtrain'd, had met your way,
Projected out a neck, and jutted to the ſea.
Hibernia, proſtrate at your feet, ador'd,
In you, the pledge of her expected lord,
Due to her iſle; a venerable name
His father and his grandſire known to fame:
Aw'd by that houſe, accuſtom'd to command,
The ſturdy Kerns in due ſubjection ſtand,
Nor bear the reins in any foreign hand.
At your approach they crowded to the port,
And, ſcarcely landed, you create a court:
As Ormond's harbinger, to you they run;
For Venus is the promiſe of the Sun.
The waſte of Civil wars their towns deſtroy'd,
Pales unhonour'd, Ceres unemploy'd,
Were all forgot; and one triumphant day
Wip'd all the tears of three campaigns away.
Blood, rapines, maſſacres, were cheaply bought;
So mighty recompenſe your beauty brought.
As when the dove, returning, bore the mark
Of earth reſtor'd to the long-lab'ring ark,
The relics of mankind, ſecure of reſt,
Ope'd ev'ry window to receive the gueſt,
And the fair bearer of the meſſage bleſt:
So when you came, with loud repeated cries
The nation took an omen from your eyes,
And God advanc'd his rainbow in the ſkies,

To ſign inviolable peace reſtor'd ;
Theſaints,withſolemnſhouts,proclaim the new accord.
When at your ſecond coming you appear,
(For I foretel that millenary year)
The ſharpen'd ſhare ſhall vex the ſoil no more,
But Earth, unbidden, ſhall produce her ſtore :
The Land ſhall laugh, the circling Ocean ſmile,
And Heav'n's indulgence bleſs the holy iſle.
Heav'n from all ages has reſerv'd for you
That happy clime which venom never knew;
Or if it had been there, your eyes alone
Have pow'r to chaſe all poiſon but their own.
Now in this interval which Fate has caſt
Betwixt your future glories and your paſt,
This pauſe of pow'r, 'tis Ireland's hour to mourn,
While England celebrates your ſafe return,
By which you ſeem the ſeaſons to command,
And bring our ſummers back to their forſaken land.
The vanquiſh'd iſle our leiſure muſt attend,
Till the fair bleſſing we vouchſafe to ſend ;
Nor can we ſpare you long, tho' often we may lend.
The dove was twice employ'd abroad before
The world was dry'd, and ſhe return'd no more.
Nor dare we truſt ſo ſoft a meſſenger,
New from her ſickneſs, to that Northern air;
Reſt here a while, your luſtre to reſtore,
That they may ſee you as you ſhone before;

For yet th' eclipſe not wholly paſt, you wade
Thro' ſome remains and dimneſs of a ſhade.
 A ſubject in his prince may claim a right,
Nor ſuffer him, with ſtrength impair'd, to fight:
Till force returns his ardour we reſtrain,
And curb his warlike wiſh to croſs the main.
 Now paſt the danger, let the learn'd begin
Th' inquiry, where diſeaſe could enter in?
How thoſe malignant atoms forc'd their way? [prey?
What in the faultleſs frame they found to make their
Where ev'ry element was weigh'd ſo well,
That Heav'n alone, who mix'd the maſs, could tell
Which of the four ingredients could rebel;
And where, impriſon'd in ſo ſweet a cage,
A ſoul might well be pleas'd to paſs an age.
 And yet the fine materials made it weak;
Porcelain, by being pure, is apt to break:
E'en to your breaſt the ſickneſs durſt aſpire,
And, forc'd from that fair temple to retire,
Profanely ſet the holy place on fire.
In vain your lord, like young Veſpaſian, mourn'd,
When the fierce flames the ſanctuary burn'd;
And I prepar'd to pay in verſes rude
A moſt deteſted act of gratitude:
E'en this had been your elegy, which now
Is offer'd for your health, the table of my vow.
 Your angel, ſure, our Morley's mind inſpir'd,
To find the remedy your ill requir'd;

As once the Macedon, by Jove's decrée,
Was taught to dream an herb for Ptolomee:
Or Heav'n, which had ſuch over-coſt beſtow'd,
As ſcarce it could afford to fleſh and blood,
So lik'd the frame, he would not work anew,
To ſave the charges of another you.
Or by his middle ſcience did he ſteer,
And ſaw ſome great contingent good appear,
Well worth a miracle to keep you here?
And for that end preſerv'd the precious mould,
Which all the future Ormonds was to hold;
And meditated, in his better mind,
An heir from you who may redeem the failing kind.
Bleſs'd be the pow'r which has at once reſtor'd
The hopes of loſt ſucceſſion to your lord!
Joy to the firſt and laſt of each degree,
Virtue to courts, and, what I long'd to ſee,
To you the Graces, and the Muſe to me!
O daughter of the Roſe! whoſe cheeks unite
The diff'ring titles of the Red and White;
Who heav'n's alternate beauty well diſplay,
The bluſh of Morning and the Milkyway;
Whoſe face is paradiſe, but fenc'd from ſin,
For God in either eye has plac'd a cherubin.
All is your lord's alone; e'en abſent he
Employs the care of chaſte Penelope.
For him you waſte in tears your widow'd hours,
For him your curious needle paints the flow'rs:

Such works, of old, imperial dames were taught;
Such for Ascanius fair Eliza wrought.
  The soft recesses of your hours improve
The three fair pledges of your happy love:
All other parts of pious duty done,
You owe your Ormond nothing but a son,
To fill, in future times, his father's place,
And wear the garter of his mother's race.

*PROLOGUES**.

I.

PROLOGUE. *Spoken the firſt day of the King's houſe acting after the fire.*

So ſhipwreck'd paſſengers eſcape to land,
So look they, when on the bare beach they ſtand
Dropping and cold, and their firſt fear ſcarce o'er,
Expecting famine on a deſert ſhore.
From that hard climate we muſt wait for bread,
Whence e'en the natives, forc'd by hunger, fled.
Our ſtage does human chance preſent to view,
But ne'er before was ſeen ſo ſadly true:
You are chang'd too, and your pretence to ſee
Is but a nobler name for charity.
Your own proviſions furniſh out our feaſts,
While you the founders make yourſelves the gueſts.
Of all mankind beſide Fate had ſome care,
But for poor Wit no portion did prepare;
'Tis left a rent-charge to the brave and fair.
You cheriſh'd it, and now its fall you mourn,
Which blind unmanner'd zealots make their ſcorn,
Who think that fire a judgment on the ſtage,
Which ſpar'd not temples in its furious rage.

* Theſe Prologues and Epilogues are, as nearly as we could prove, here printed in their order of time; and for the dates of many of them we are particularly obliged to Mr. Garrick, who, with great civility, gave us the uſe of his fine Collection of old Quarto Plays. *Advert. to Dryden's Miſcellanies, edit.* 1760. *in* 4 *volumes Octavo.*

But as our new-built City rifes higher,
So from old theatres may new afpire,
Since Fate contrives magnificence by fire.
Our great Metropolis does far furpafs
Whate'er is now, and equals all that was.
Our wit as far does foreign wit excel,
And, like a king, fhould in a palace dwell.
But we with golden hopes are vainly fed,
Talk high, and entertain you in a fhed.
Your prefence here, for which we humbly fue,
Will grace old theatres, and build up new.

II.

PROLOGUE. *Spoken at the opening of the New houfe, March* 26, 1674.

A PLAIN-built houfe, after fo long a ftay,
Will fend you half unfatisfy'd away;
When, fall'n from your expected pomp, you find
A bare convenience only is defign'd.
You, who each day can theatres behold,
Like Nero's palace, fhining all with gold,
Our mean ungilded ftage will fcorn, we fear,
And for the homely room difdain the cheer.
Yet now cheap druggets to a mode are grown,
And a plain fuit (fince we can make but one)
Is better than to be by tarnifh'd gaud'ry known.
They who are by your favours wealthy made
With mighty fums may carry on the trade:

We, broken bankers, half deſtroy'd by fire,
With our ſmall ſtock to humble roofs retire;
Pity our loſs, while you their pomp admire.
For fame and honour we no longer ſtrive,
We yield in both, and only beg to live:
Unable to ſupport their vaſt expenſe,
Who build and treat with ſuch magnificence,
That, like th' ambitious monarchs of the age,
They give the law to our provincial ſtage.
Great neighbours enviouſly promote exceſs,
While they impoſe their ſplendour on the leſs:
But only fools, and they of vaſt eſtate,
Th' extremity of modes will imitate,
The dangling knee-fringe and the bib-cravat.
Yet if ſome pride with want may be allow'd,
We in our plainneſs may be juſtly proud:
Our Royal Maſter will'd it ſhould be ſo;
Whate'er he's pleas'd to own can need no ſhow:
That ſacred name gives ornament and grace,
And, like his ſtamp, makes baſeſt metals paſs.
'Twere folly now a ſtately pile to raiſe,
To build a playhouſe while you throw down plays;
While ſcenes, machines, and empty operas reign,
And for the pencil you the pen diſdain;
While troops of famiſh'd Frenchmen hither drive,
At laugh at thoſe upon whoſe alms they live,
Old Engliſh authors vaniſh, and give place
To theſe new conqu'rors of the Norman race;

More tamely than your fathers you ſubmit;
You're now grown vaſſals to 'em in your wit.
Mark, when they play, how our fine fops advance
The mighty merits of their men of France,
Keep time, cry *Bon*, and humour the cadence.
Well, pleaſe yourſelves; but ſure 'tis underſtood
That French machines have ne'er done England good.
I would not propheſy our Houſe's fate;
But while vain ſhows and ſcenes you over-rate,
'Tis to be fear'd—
That as a fire the former Houſe o'erthrew,
Machines and tempeſts will deſtroy the New.

III.

PROLOGUE *to the Univerſity of Oxford*, 1674. *Spoken by Mr.* HART.

POETS, your ſubjects, have their parts aſſign'd
T' unbend and to divert the ſov'reign's mind:
When, tir'd with following Nature, you think fit
To ſeek repoſe in the cool ſhades of Wit,
And, from the ſweet retreat, with joy ſurvey
What reſts, and what is conquer'd, of the way;
Here, free yourſelves from envy, care, and ſtrife,
You view the various turns of human life:
Safe in our ſcene, thro' dang'rous courts you go,
And undebauch'd the vice of cities know.

Your theories are here to practice brought,
As in mechanic operations wrought;
And man, the little world, before you ſet,
As once the ſphere of cryſtal ſhew'd the great.
Bleſs'd, ſure, are you above all mortal kind,
If to your fortunes you can ſuit your mind;
Content to ſee, and ſhun thoſe ills we ſhow,
And crimes on theatres alone to know.
With joy we bring what our dead authors writ,
And beg from you the value of their wit,
That Shakeſpeare's, Fletcher's, and great Johnſon's claim
May be renew'd from thoſe who gave them fame.
None of our living poets dare appear,
For Muſes ſo ſevere are worſhipp'd here,
That, conſcious of their faults, they ſhun the eye,
And, as profane, from ſacred places fly,
Rather than ſee th' offended God and die.
We bring no imperfections but our own;
Such faults as made are by the makers ſhown:
And you have been ſo kind, that we may boaſt
The greateſt judges ſtill can pardon moſt.
Poets muſt ſtoop when they would pleaſe our pit,
Debas'd ev'n to the level of their wit;
Diſdaining that which yet they know will take,
Hating themſelves what their applauſe muſt make:
But when to praiſe from you they would aſpire,
Tho' they like eagles mount your Jove is higher.

So far your knowledge all their pow'r tranſcends,
As what ſhould be beyond what is extends.

IV.

PROLOGUE *to* CIRCE. *By Dr.* DAVENANT, 1675.

Were you but half ſo wiſe as you're ſevere,
Our youthful poet ſhould not need to fear;
To his green years your cenſures you would ſuit,
Not blaſt the bloſſom, but expect the fruit.
The ſex that beſt does pleaſure underſtand,
Will always chuſe to err on th' other hand:
They check not him that's awkward in delight,
But clap the young rogue's cheek, and ſet him right.
Thus hearten'd well, and fleſh'd upon his prey,
The youth may prove a man another day.
Your Ben. and Fletcher, in their firſt young flight,
Did no Volpone nor no Arbaces write;
But hopp'd about, and ſhort excurſions made
From bough to bough, as if they were afraid,
And each was guilty of ſome ſlighted maid.
Shakeſpeare's own Muſe her Pericles firſt bore;
The Prince of Tyre was elder than the Moore.
'Tis miracle to ſee a firſt good play:
All hawthorns do not bloom on Chriſtmas-day.
A ſlender poet muſt have time to grow,
And ſpread and burniſh as his brothers do.

Who ftill looks lean, fure with fome pox is curft;
But no man can be Falftaff-fat at firft.
Then damn not, but indulge, his rude effays,
Encourage him, and bloat him up with praife,
That he may get more bulk before he dies;
He's not yet fed enough for facrifice.
Perhaps, if now your grace you will not grudge,
He may grow up to write, and you to judge.

V.

PROLOGUE *to* CÆSAR BORGIA. *By Mr.* N. LEE, 1680.

TH' unhappy man who once has trail'd a pen,
Lives not to pleafe himfelf but other men;
Is always drudging, waftes his life and blood,
Yet only eats and drinks what you think good.
What praife foe'er the poetry deferve,
Yet ev'ry fool can bid the poet ftarve.
That fumbling lecher to revenge is bent,
Becaufe he thinks himfelf or whore is meant.
Name but a cuckold, all the City fwarms;
From Leadenhall to Ludgate is in arms.
Were there no fear of Antichrift or France,
In the blefs'd time poor poets live by chance.
Either you come not here, or, as you grace
Some old acquaintance, drop into the place,
Carelefs and qualmifh, with a yawning face.

You ſleep o'er wit, and, by my troth, you may;
Moſt of your talents lie another way.
You love to hear of ſome prodigious tale,
The bell that toll'd alone, or Iriſh whale.
News is your food, and you enough provide,
Both for yourſelves and all the world beſide.
One theatre there is of vaſt reſort,
Which whilom of Requeſts was call'd the Court,
But now the great Exchange of News 'tis hight,
And full of hum and buz from noon till night:
Up ſtairs and down you run, as for a race,
And each man wears three nations in his face:
So big you look, tho' claret you retrench,
That, arm'd with bottled ale, you huff the French:
But all your entertainment ſtill is fed
By villains in your own dull iſland bred.
Would you return to us, we dare engage
To ſhew you better rogues upon the ſtage.
You know no poiſon but plain ratſbane here;
Death's more refin'd and better bred elſewhere.
They have a civil way in Italy,
By ſmelling a perfume, to make you die;
A trick would make you lay your ſnuff-box by.
Murder's a trade ſo known and practis'd there,
That 'tis infallible as is the Chair:
But, mark their feaſt, you ſhall behold ſuch pranks;
The Pope ſays grace, but 'tis the Devil gives thanks.

VI.

PROLOGUE *to* SOPHONISBA. *At Oxford*, 1680.

Thespis, the firſt profeſſor of our art,
At country-wakes ſung ballads from a cart.
To prove this true, if Latin be no treſpaſs,
Dicitur et plauſtris vexiſſe poemata Theſpis.
But Æſchylus, ſays Horace, in ſome page,
Was the firſt mountebank that trode the ſtage:
Yet Athens never knew your learned ſport
Of toſſing poets in a tennis-court.
But 'tis the talent of our Engliſh nation,
Still to be plotting ſome new reformation:
And few years hence, if anarchy goes on,
Jack Preſbyter ſhall here erect his throne,
Knock out a tub with preaching once a day,
And ev'ry prayer be longer than a play.
Then all your Heathen wits ſhall go to pot
For diſbelieving of a Popiſh-plot:
Your poets ſhall be us'd like Infidels,
And worſt the author of the Oxford Bells:
Nor ſhould we 'ſcape the ſentence, to depart,
E'en in our firſt original, a cart.
No zealous brother there would want a ſtone,
To maul us cardinals, and pelt Pope Joan:
Religion, learning, wit, would be ſuppreſt,
Rags of the Whore, and trappings of the Beaſt:

Scot, Suarez, Tom of Aquin, muſt go down,
As chief ſupporters of the Triple crown;
And Ariſtotle's for deſtruction ripe;
Some ſay, he call'd the ſoul an Organ-pipe,
Which, by ſome little help of derivation,
Shall then be prov'd a pipe of inſpiration.

VII.

A PROLOGUE.

If yet there be a few that take delight
In that which reaſonable men ſhould write,
To them alone we dedicate this night;
The reſt may ſatisfy their curious itch
With city Gazettes, or ſome factious ſpeech,
Or whate'er libel, for the public good,
Stirs up the Shrove-tide crew to fire and blood.
Remove your benches, you apoſtate pit,
And take, above, twelve pennyworth of wit;
Go back to your dear dancing on the rope,
Or ſee what's worſe, the Devil and the Pope.
The plays that take on our corrupted ſtage,
Methinks reſemble the diſtracted age;
Noiſe, madneſs, all unreaſonable things,
That ſtrike at ſenſe, as rebels do at kings.
The ſtyle of Forty-one our poets write,
And you are grown to judge like Forty-eight.

Such cenſures our miſtaking audience make,
That 'tis almoſt grown ſcandalous to take.
They talk of fevers that infect the brains;
But nonſenſe is the new diſeaſe that reigns.
Weak ſtomachs, with a long diſeaſe oppreſt,
Cannot the cordials of ſtrong wit digeſt;
Therefore thin nouriſhment of Farce ye chuſe,
Decoctions of a barley-water Muſe;
A meal of Tragedy would make you ſick,
Unleſs it were a very tender chick:
Some ſcenes in ſippets would be worth your time;
Thoſe would go down; ſome love that's poach'd in rhyme:
If theſe ſhould fail——
We muſt lie down, and, after all our coſt,
Keep holy-day, like watermen in froſt,
While you turn players on the world's great ſtage,
And act yourſelves the farce of your own age.

VIII.

PROLOGUE *to the Univerſity of Oxford*, 1681.

THE fam'd Italian Muſe, whoſe rhymes advance
Orlando and the Paladins of France,
Records that, when our wit and ſenſe is flown,
'Tis lodg'd within the circle of the moon
In earthen jars, which one, who thither ſoar'd,
Set to his noſe, ſnuff'd up, and was reſtor'd.

Whate'er the ſtory be the moral's true;
The wit we loſt in Town we find in you.
Our poets their fled parts may draw from hence,
And fill their windy heads with ſober ſenſe.
When London votes with Southwark's diſagree,
Here may they find their long-loſt loyalty.
Her buſy ſenates, to th' old cauſe inclin'd,
May ſnuff the votes their fellows left behind: 14
Your country neighbours, when their grain grows dear,
May come, and find their laſt proviſion here;
Whereas we cannot much lament our loſs,
Who neither carried back nor brought one croſs.
We look'd what Repreſentatives would bring,
But they help'd us juſt as they did the King.
Yet we deſpair not; for we now lay forth
The Sibyls' books to thoſe who know their worth,
And tho' the firſt was ſacrific'd before,
Theſe volumes doubly will the price reſtore.
Our poet bade us hope this grace to find,
To whom by long preſcription you are kind.
He whoſe undaunted Muſe, with loyal rage,
Has never ſpar'd the vices of the age,
Here finding nothing that his ſpleen can raiſe,
Is forc'd to turn his ſatire into praiſe.

IX.

PROLOGUE *to his* ROYAL HIGHNESS *upon his first appearance at the Duke's Theatre, after his return from Scotland*, 1682.

IN those cold regions which no summers cheer,
Where brooding Darkness covers half the year,
To hollow caves the shiv'ring natives go,
Bears range abroad, and hunt in tracks of snow;
But when the tedious twilight wears away,
And stars grow paler at th' approach of day,
The longing crowds to frozen mountains run,
Happy who first can see the glimm'ring sun;
The surly savage offspring disappear,
And curse the bright successor of the year.
Yet tho' rough bears in covert seek defence,
White foxes stay with seeming innocence;
That crafty kind with day-light can dispense.
Still we are throng'd so full with Reynard's race,
That loyal subjects scarce can find a place.
Thus modest Truth is cast behind the crowd;
Truth speaks too low, Hypocrisy too loud.
Let 'em be first to flatter in success;
Duty can stay, but Guilt has need to press.
Once, when true zeal the sons of God did call,
To make their solemn shew at Heav'n's Whitehall,
The fawning Devil appear'd among the rest,
And made as good a courtier as the best.

The friends of Job, who rail'd at him before,
Came cap in hand when he had three times more:
Yet late repentance may, perhaps, be true;
Kings can forgive, if rebels can but sue.
A tyrant's pow'r in rigour is exprest;
The father yearns in the true prince's breast.
We grant an o'ergrown Whig no grace can mend;
But most are babes that know not they offend.
The crowd, to restless motion still inclin'd,
Are clouds that tack according to the wind.
Driv'n by their chiefs they storms of hailstones pour,
Then mourn, and soften to a silent show'r.
O welcome to this much-offending land,
The Prince that brings forgiveness in his hand!
Thus angels on glad messages appear;
Their first salute commands us not to fear:
Thus Heav'n, that could constrain us to obey,
(With rev'rence if we might presume to say)
Seems to relax the rights of sov'reign sway;
Permits to man the choice of good and ill,
And make us happy by our own free-will.

X.

PROLOGUE *to* THE EARL OF ESSEX. *By Mr.* J. BANKS, 1682. *Spoken to the King and the Queen, at their coming to the house.*

WHEN first the ark was landed on the shore,
And Heav'n had vow'd to curse the ground no more;

When tops of hills the longing patriarch ſaw,
And the new ſcene of earth began to draw,
The dove was ſent to view the waves' decreaſe,
And firſt brought back to man the pledge of peace.
'Tis needleſs to apply, when thoſe appear
Who bring the olive, and who plant it here.
We have before our eyes the Royal dove,
Still innocent as harbinger to Love:
The ark is open'd to diſmiſs the train,
And people with a better race the plain.
Tell me, ye Pow'rs! why ſhould vain man purſue,
With endleſs toil, each object that is new,
And for the ſeeming ſubſtance leave the true?
Why ſhould he quit for hopes his certain good,
And loath the manna of his daily food?
Muſt England ſtill the ſcene of changes be,
Toſs'd, and tempeſtuous, like our ambient ſea?
Muſt ſtill our weather and our wills agree?
Without our blood our liberties we have:
Who that is free would fight to be a ſlave?
Or, what can wars to after-times aſſure,
Of which our preſent age is not ſecure?
All that our Monarch would for us ordain,
Is but t' enjoy the bleſſings of his reign.
Our land's an Eden, and the main's our fence,
While we preſerve our ſtate of innocence:
That loſt, then beaſts their brutal force employ,
And firſt their lord, and then themſelves, deſtroy.

What Civil broils have coſt we know too well;
Oh! let it be enough that once we fell,
And ev'ry heart conſpire, and ev'ry tongue,
Still to have ſuch a King, and this King long.

XI.

PROLOGUE *to* THE LOYAL BROTHER: *or*, THE PERSIAN PRINCE. *By Mr.* SOUTHERN, 1682.

Poets, like lawful monarchs, rul'd the ſtage,
Till critics, like damn'd Whigs, debauch'd our age.
Mark how they jump: critics would regulate
Our theatres, and Whigs reform our ſtate:
Both pretend love, and both (plague rot 'em!) hate.
The critic humbly ſeems advice to bring,
The fawning Whig petitions, to the King:
But one's advice into a ſatire ſlides;
Th' other's petition a remonſtrance hides.
Theſe will no taxes give, and thoſe no pence;
Critics would ſtarve the poet, Whigs the prince.
The critic all our troops of friends diſcards;
Juſt ſo the Whig would fain pull down the Guards.
Guards are illegal, that drive foes away,
As watchful ſhepherds that fright beaſts of prey.
Kings, who diſband ſuch needleſs aids as theſe,
Are ſafe—as long as e'er their ſubjects pleaſe,
And that would be till next Queen Beſs's night,
Which thus grave penny chroniclers indite.

Sir Edmond Bury firſt, in woeful wiſe,
Leads up the ſhow, and milks their maudlin eyes.
There's not a butcher's wife but dribs her part,
And pities the poor pageant from her heart;
Who, to provoke revenge, rides round the fire,
And with a civil congé does retire.
But guiltleſs blood to ground muſt never fall;
There's Antichriſt behind to pay for all.
The punk of Babylon in pomp appears,
A lewd old gentleman of ſeventy years,
Whoſe age in vain our mercy would implore,
For few take pity on an old caſt whore.
The dev'l, who brought him to the ſhame, takes part,
Sits cheek by jowl, in black, to cheer his heart,
Like thief and parſon in a Tyburn-cart.
The word is giv'n, and, with a loud huzza,
The mitred puppet from his chair they draw:
On the ſlain corpſe contending nations fall:
Alas! what's one poor Pope among 'em all!
He burns; now all true hearts your triumphs ring;
And next (for faſhion) cry, God ſave the King.
A needful cry in midſt of ſuch alarms,
When forty thouſand men are up in arms.
But after he's once ſav'd, to make amends,
In each ſucceeding health they damn his friends:
So God begins, but ſtill the Devil ends.
What if ſome one, inſpir'd with zeal, ſhould call,
Come, let's go cry God ſave him, at Whitehall?

His beſt friends would not like this over-care,
Or think him e'er the ſafer for this pray'r.
Five praying ſaints are by an act allow'd,
But not the whole church-militant in crowd.
Yet, ſhould Heav'n all the true petitions drain
Of Preſbyterians, who would kings maintain?
Of forty thouſand five would ſcarce remain.

XII.

PROLOGUE *to the Univerſity of Oxford. Spoken by Mr.* HART, *at the acting of* THE SILENT WOMAN.

WHAT Greece, when learning flouriſh'd, only knew,
Athenian judges, you this day renew.
Here, too, are annual rites to Pallas done,
And here poetic prizes loſt or won.
Methinks I ſee you, crown'd with olives, ſit,
And ſtrike a ſacred horror from the pit.
A day of doom is this of your decree,
Where ev'n the beſt are but by mercy free; [to ſee.
A day which none but Johnſon durſt have wiſh'd
Here they, who long have known the uſeful ſtage,
Come, to be taught themſelves, to teach the age.
As your commiſſioners, our poets go
To cultivate the virtue which you ſow;
In your Lycæum firſt themſelves refin'd,
And delegated thence to human-kind.

But as ambaſſadors, when long from home,
For new inſtructions to their princes come;
So poets, who your precepts have forgot,
Return, and beg they may be better taught:
Follies and faults elſewhere by them are ſhown,
But by your manners they correct their own.
Th' illit'rate writer, emp'ric like, applies
To minds diſeas'd unſafe chance remedies:
The learn'd in ſchools, where knowledge firſt began,
Studies with care th' anatomy of man;
Sees virtue, vice, and paſſions, in their cauſe,
And fame from ſcience, not from fortune, draws.
So poetry, which is in Oxford made
An art, in London only is a trade:
There haughty dunces, whoſe unlearned pen
Could ne'er ſpell grammar, would be reading men.
Such build their poems the Lucretian way;
So many huddled atoms make a play;
And if they hit in order by ſome chance,
They call that Nature which is Ignorance.
To ſuch a fame let mere Town-wits aſpire,
And their gay nonſenſe their own Cits admire.
Our Poet, could he find forgiveneſs here,
Would wiſh it rather than a plaudit there.
He owns no crown from thoſe Prætorian bands,
But knows that right is in the ſenate's hands;
Not impudent enough to hope your praiſe,
Low at the Muſes' feet his wreath he lays,
And, where he took it up, reſigns his bays.

Kings make their poets whom themſelves think fit,
But 'tis your ſuffrage makes authentic wit.

XIII.

PROLOGUE *to the Univerſity of Oxford.*

DISCORD and plots, which have undone our age,
With the ſame ruin have o'erwhelm'd the ſtage.
Our Houſe has ſuffer'd in the common woe,
We have been troubled with Scotch rebels too.
Our brethren are from Thames to Tweed departed,
And of our ſiſters all the kinder-hearted,
To Edinborough gone, or coach'd or carted.
With bonny Bluecap there they act all night
For Scotch half-crown, in Engliſh Threepence hight.
One nymph, to whom fat Sir John Falſtaff's lean,
There with her ſingle perſon fills the ſcene.
Another, with long uſe and age decay'd,
Div'd here old woman, and roſe there a maid.
Our truſty door-keepers of former time
There ſtrut and ſwagger in heroic rhyme.
Tack but a copper lace to drugget ſuit,
And there's a hero made without diſpute;
And that which was a capon's tail before
Becomes a plume for Indian emperor.
But all his ſubjects, to expreſs the care
Of imitation, go, like Indians, bare:

Lac'd linen there would be a dang'rous thing;
It might, perhaps, a new rebellion bring;
The Scot who wore it would be chosen king.
But why should I these renegades describe,
When you yourselves have seen a lewder tribe?
Teague has been here, and to this learned pit,
With Irish action, slander'd English wit;
You have beheld such barb'rous Macs appear,
As merited a second massacre;
Such as, like Cain, were branded with disgrace,
And had their country stamp'd upon their face.
When strollers durst presume to pick your purse,
We humbly thought our broken troop not worse.
How ill soe'er our action may deserve,
Oxford's a place where Wit can never starve.

XIV.

PROLOGUE *to the University of Oxford.*

Tho' actors cannot much of learning boast,
Of all who want it we admire it most;
We love the praises of a learned pit,
As we remotely are ally'd to Wit.
We speak our poet's wit, and trade in ore,
Like those who touch upon the Golden shore;
Betwixt our judges can distinction make,
Discern how much, and why, our poems take;

Mark if the fools or men of ſenſe rejoice;
Whether th' applauſe be only ſound or voice.
When our fop-gallants or our City-folly
Clap over loud, it makes us melancholy:
We doubt that ſcene which does their wonder raiſe,
And for their ignorance contemn their praiſe.
Judge then if we who act and they who write
Should not be proud of giving you delight.
London likes groſsly; but this nicer pit
Examines, fathoms, all the depths of wit,
The ready finger lays on ev'ry blot,
Knows what ſhould juſtly pleaſe, and what ſhould not;
Nature herſelf lies open to your view,
You judge by her what draught of her is true,
Where outlines falſe, and colours ſeem too faint,
Where bunglers daub, and where true poets paint.
But by the ſacred Genius of this place,
By ev'ry Muſe, by each domeſtic Grace,
Be kind to Wit, which but endeavours well,
And, where you judge, preſumes not to excel.
Our poet's thither for adoption come,
As nations ſu'd to be made free of Rome;
Not in the ſuffragating tribes to ſtand,
But in your utmoſt, laſt, provincial band.
If his ambition may thoſe hopes purſue,
Who, with religion, loves your arts and you,
Oxford to him a dearer name ſhall be
Than his own mother-univerſity.

Thebes did his green unknowing youth engage;
He chuſes Athens in his riper age.

XV.

PROLOGUE *to* THE DISAPPOINTMENT: *or*, THE MOTHER IN FASHION. *By Mr.* SOUTHERN, 1684. *Spoken by Mr.* BETTERTON.

How comes it, Gentlemen, that now-a-days,
When all of you ſo ſhrewdly judge of plays,
Our poets tax you ſtill with want of ſenſe,
All prologues treat you at your own expenſe?
Sharp citizens a wiſer way can go;
They make you fools, but never call you ſo:
They, in good manners, ſeldom make a ſlip,
But treat a common whore with Ladyſhip:
But here each ſaucy wit at random writes,
And uſes ladies as he uſes knights.
Our Author, young, and grateful in his nature,
Vows that from him no nymph deſerves a ſatire;
Nor will he ever draw——I mean his rhyme,
Againſt the ſweet partaker of his crime.
Nor is he yet ſo bold an undertaker
To call men fools: 'tis railing at their Maker.
Beſides, he fears to ſplit upon that ſhelf,
He's young enough to be a fop himſelf;
And if his praiſe can bring you all a-bed,
He ſwears ſuch hopeful youth no nation ever bred.

Your nurſes, we preſume, in ſuch a caſe
Your father choſe, becauſe he lik'd the face,
And often they ſupply'd your mother's place.
The dry nurſe was your mother's ancient maid,
Who knew ſome former ſlip ſhe ne'er betray'd.
Betwixt 'em both, for milk and ſugar-candy,
Your ſucking bottles were well ſtor'd with brandy.
Your father, to initiate your diſcourſe,
Meant to have taught you firſt to ſwear and curſe,
But was prevented by each careful nurſe:
For, leaving Dad and Mam, as names too common,
They taught you certain parts of man and woman.
I paſs your ſchools; for there when firſt you came,
You would be ſure to learn the Latin name.
In colleges you ſcorn'd the art of thinking,
But learn'd all moods and figures of good drinking;
Thence come to Town, you practiſe play, to know
The virtues of the high dice and the low.
Each thinks himſelf a ſharper moſt profound;
He cheats by pence, is cheated by the pound.
With theſe perfections, and what elſe he gleans,
The ſpark ſets up for love behind our ſcenes,
Hot in purſuit of princeſſes and queens.
There, if they know their man, with cunning carriage,
Twenty to one but it concludes in marriage.
He hires ſome homely room, Love's fruits to gather,
And, garret-high, rebels againſt his father;
But he once dead ——

Brings her in triumph, with her portion down,
A toilette, dreffing-box and half-a-crown.
Some marry firft, and then they fall to fcouring,
Which is refining marriage into whoring.
Our women batten well on their good nature,
All they can rap and rend for the dear creature;
But while abroad fo liberal the dolt is,
Poor fpoufe at home as ragged as a colt is.
Laft, fome there are who take their firft degrees
Of lewdnefs in our middle galleries:
The doughty bullies enter bloody drunk,
Invade and grubble one another's punk:
They caterwaul, and make a difmal rout,
Call fons of whores, and ftrike, but ne'er lug out:
Thus while for paltry punk they roar and ftickle,
They make it bawdier than a Conventicle.

XVI.

PROLOGUE *to the King and Queen, upon the union of the two companies in* 1686.

SINCE Faction ebbs, and rogues grow out of fafhion,
Their penny fcribes take care t' inform the nation
How well men thrive in this or that plantation:

How Pennfylvania's air agrees with Quakers,
And Carolina's with Affociators:
Both e'en too good for madmen and for traitors.

Truth is, our land with ſaints is ſo run o'er,
And ev'ry age produces ſuch a ſtore,
That now there's need of two New Englands more.

What's this, you'll ſay, to us and our vocation?
Only thus much, that we have left our ſtation,
And made this Theatre our new Plantation.

The factious natives never could agree,
But aiming, as they call'd it, to be free,
Thoſe playhouſe Whigs ſet up for property.

Some ſay they no obedience paid of late,
But would new fears and jealouſies create,
Till topſy-turvy they had turn'd the ſtate.

Plain ſenſe, without the talent of foretelling,
Might gueſs 'twould end in downright knocks and quelling;
For ſeldom comes there better of rebelling.

When men will, needleſsly, their freedom barter
For lawleſs pow'r, ſometimes they catch a Tartar;
There's a damn'd word that rhymes to this call'd Charter.

But ſince the victory with us remains,
You ſhall be call'd to twelve in all our gains,
If you'll not think us ſaucy for our pains.

Old men ſhall have good old plays to delight 'em;
And you, fair ladies and gallants! that ſlight 'em,
We'll treat with good new plays, if our new wits can
write 'em.

We'll take no blund'ring verſe, no fuſtian tumor;
No dribbling love from this or that preſumer;
No dull fat fool ſhamm'd on the ſtage for humour.

For, faith, ſome of 'em ſuch vile ſtuff have made,
As none but fools or fairies ever play'd;
But 'twas, as ſhopmen ſay, to force a trade.

We've giv'n you tragedies all ſenſe defying,
And ſinging-men in woeful metre dying;
Thus 'tis when heavy lubbers will be flying.

All theſe diſaſters we will hope to weather;
We bring you none of our old lumber hither;
Whig poets and Whig ſheriffs my hang together.

XVII.

PROLOGUE *to* THE PRINCESS OF CLEVES. *By Mr.* N. LEE, 1689.

LADIES! (I hope there's none behind to hear)
I long to whiſper ſomething in your ear;

A ſecret which does much my mind perplex;
There's treaſon in the play againſt our ſex;
A man that's falſe to love, that vows and cheats,
And kiſſes ev'ry living thing he meets;
A rogue in mode (I dare not ſpeak too broad)
One that does ſomething to the very bawd.
Out on him, traitor! for a filthy beaſt;
Nay, and he's like the pack of all the reſt:
None of 'em ſtick at mark; they all deceive;
Some Jew has chang'd the text, I half believe;
Their Adam cozen'd our poor grandame Eve.
To hide their faults, they rap out oaths, and tear:
Now, tho' we lie, we're too well bred to ſwear.
So we compound for half the ſin we owe,
But men are dipt for ſoul and body too;
And when found out excuſe themſelves, pox cant 'em,
With Latin ſtuff, *perjuria ridet amantûm.*
I'm not book-learn'd, to know that word in vogue,
But I ſuſpect 'tis Latin for a rogue
I'm ſure I never heard that ſcreech-owl hollow'd
In my poor ears but ſeparation follow'd.
How can ſuch perjur'd villains e'er be ſaved?
Achithophel's not half ſo falſe to David.
With vows and ſoft expreſſions to allure,
They ſtand, like foreman of a ſhop, demure;
No ſooner out of ſight but they are gadding,
And for the next new face ride out a-padding.

Yet, by their favour, when they have been kiſſing,
We can perceive the ready money miſſing.
Well! we may rail; but 'tis as good e'en wink;
Something we find, and ſomething they will ſink.
But ſince they're at renouncing, 'tis our parts
To trump their di'monds as they trump our hearts.

XVIII.

PROLOGUE *to* THE WIDOW RANTER. *By Mrs.* BEHN, 1690.

HEAV'N ſave ye, Gallants! and this hopeful age,
Y'are welcome to the downfal of the ſtage:
The fools have labour'd long in their vocation,
And vice (the manufacture of the nation)
O'erſtocks the Town ſo much, and thrives ſo well,
That fops and knaves grow drugs, and will not ſell.
In vain our wares on theatres are ſhown,
When each has a plantation of his own.
His cauſe ne'er fails, for whatſoe'er he ſpends,
There's ſtill God's plenty for himſelf and friends.
Should men be rated by poetic rules,
Lord! what a poll would there be rais'd from fools!
Mean-time poor Wit prohibited muſt lie,
As if 'twere made ſome French commodity.
Fools you will have, and rais'd at vaſt expenſe,
And yet as ſoon as ſeen they give offence.

Time was when none would cry, That oaf was me,
But now you ſtrive about your pedigree.
Bauble and cap no ſooner are thrown down,
But there's a muſs of more than half the Town.
Each one will challenge a child's part at leaſt;
A ſign the family is well increas'd.
Of foreign cattle there's no longer need,
When we're ſupply'd ſo faſt with Engliſh breed.
Well! flouriſh, Countrymen! drink, ſwear, and roar,
Let ev'ry free-born ſubject keep his whore,
And, wand'ring in the wilderneſs about,
At end of forty years not wear her out.
But when you ſee theſe pictures, let none dare
To own beyond a limb or ſingle ſhare;
For where the punk is common, he's a ſot
Who needs will father what the pariſh got.

XIX.

PROLOGUE *to* ARVIRAGUS AND PHILICIA. *Revived by* LODOWIC CARLELL, *Eſq. Spoken by Mr.* HART.

WITH ſickly actors, and an old houſe too,
We're match'd with glorious theatres and new;
And with our alehouſe ſcenes, and clothes bare-worn,
Can neither raiſe old plays nor new adorn.
If all theſe ills could not undo us quite,
A briſk French troop is grown your dear delight;

Who with broad bloody bills call you each day
To laugh, and break your buttons at their play;
Or fee fome ferious piece, which we prefume
Is fall'n from fome incomparable plume;
And therefore, *Meffieurs*, if you'll do us grace,
Send lackeys early to preferve your place.
We dare not on your privilege intrench,
Or afk you why you like 'em; they are French:
Therefore fome go with courtefy exceeding,
Neither to hear nor fee, but fhow their breeding;
Each lady ftriving to out-laugh the reft,
To make it feem they underftood the jeft.
Their countrymen come in, and nothing pay;
To teach us Englifh were to clap the play.
Civil, i'gad! our hofpitable land
Bears all the charge for them to underftand;
Mean-time we languifh, and neglected lie,
Live wives, while you keep better company;
And wifh for your own fakes, without a fatire,
You 'ad lefs good breeding or had more good nature.

XX.

PROLOGUE *to* THE PROPHETESS. *By* BEAUMONT *and* FLETCHER. *Revived by Mr.* DRYDEN. *Spoken by Mr.* BETTERTON.

WHAT Noftradame, with all his art, can guefs
The fate of our approaching Prophetefs?

A play which, like a perſpective ſet right,
Preſents our vaſt expenſes cloſe to ſight;
But turn the tube, and there we ſadly view
Our diſtant gains, and thoſe uncertain too;
A ſweeping tax, which on ourſelves we raiſe,
And all like you, in hopes of better days.
When will our loſſes warn us to be wiſe?
Our wealth decreaſes, and our charges riſe.
Money, the ſweet allurer of our hopes,
Ebbs out in oceans, and comes in by drops.
We raiſe new objects to provoke delight,
But you grow ſated ere the ſecond ſight.
Falſe men! e'en ſo you ſerve your miſtreſſes;
They riſe three ſtories in their tow'ring dreſs,
And, after all, you love not long enough
To pay the rigging ere you leave 'em off:
Never content with what you had before,
But true to change, and Engliſhmen all o'er.
Now honour calls you hence, and all your care
Is to provide the horrid pomp of war.
In plume and ſcarf, jack-boots, and Bilbo blade,
Your ſilver goes that ſhould ſupport our trade.
Go, unkind heroes! leave our ſtage to mourn,
Till rich from vanquiſh'd rebels you return,
And the fat ſpoils of Teague in triumph draw,
His firkin butter and his uſquebaugh.
Go, conqu'rors of your male and female foes,
Men without hearts, and women without hoſe.

Each bring his love, a Bogland captive, home;
Such proper pages will long trains become;
With copper collars, and with brawny backs,
Quite to put down the faſhion of our blacks.
Then ſhall the pious Muſes pay their vows,
And furniſh all their laurels for your brows;
Their tuneful voice ſhall raiſe for your delights;
We want not poets fit to ſing your flights.
But you, bright Beauties! for whoſe only ſake
Thoſe doughty knights ſuch dangers undertake,
When they with happy gales are gone away,
With your propitious preſence grace our play,
And with a ſigh their empty ſeats ſurvey:
Then think on that bare bench my ſervant ſat;
I ſee him ogle ſtill, and hear him chat,
Selling facetious bargains, and propounding
That witty recreation, call'd Dum-founding.
Their loſs with patience we will try to bear,
And would do more to ſee you often here,
That our dead ſtage, reviv'd by your fair eyes,
Under a female regency may riſe.

XXI.

PROLOGUE *to* THE MISTAKES. *By* JOSEPH HARRIS, *Comedian.* 1690.

ENTER MR. BRIGHT.

GENTLEMEN, we muſt beg your pardon; here's no Prologue to be had to-day; our new play is like to

come on without a frontiſpiece; as bald as one of you young beaux without your periwig. I left our young poet ſnivelling and ſobbing behind the ſcenes, and curſing ſomebody that has deceived him.

ENTER MR. BOWEN.

Hold your prating to the audience: here is honeſt Mr. Williams, juſt come in, half mellow, from the Roſe-tavern. He ſwears he is inſpired with claret, and will come on, and that extempore too, either with a prologue of his own, or ſomething like one. O, here he comes to his trial at all adventures. For my part, I wiſh him a good deliverance.

[*Exeunt Mr. Bright and Mr. Bowen.*

ENTER MR. WILLIAMS.

Save ye, Sirs, ſave ye! I am in a hopeful way,
I ſhould ſpeak ſomething, in rhyme, now, for the play;
But the deuce take me if I know what to ſay.
I'll ſtick to my friend the author, that I can tell ye,
To the laſt drop of claret in my belly.
So far I'm ſure 'tis rhyme—that needs no granting,
And if my verſes' feet ſtumble—you ſee my own are wanting.
Our young poet has brought a piece of work
In which, tho' much of art there does not lurk,
It may hold out three days—and that's as long as Cork.

But for this—play (which till I have done we ſhow not)
What may be its fortune—by the Lord—I know not.
This I dare ſwear, no malice here is writ;
'Tis innocent of all things—even of wit.
He's no high-flyer—he makes no ſky-rockets;
His ſquibbs are only levell'd at your pockets:
And if his crackers light among your pelf,
You are blown up; if not, then he's blown up himſelf.
By this time I'm ſomething recover'd of my fluſter'd
And now a word or two in ſober ſadneſs. [madneſs,
Our's is a common play; and you pay down
A common harlot's price—juſt half-a-crown.
You'll ſay I play the pimp on my friend's ſcore;
But ſince 'tis for a friend your gibes give o'er,
For many a mother has done that before.
How's this, you cry? an actor write?—we know it;
But Shakeſpeare was an actor and a poet.
Has not great Johnſon's learning often fail'd?
But Shakeſpeare's greater genius ſtill prevail'd.
Have not ſome writing actors, in this age,
Deſerv'd and found ſucceſs upon the ſtage?
To tell the truth, when our old wits are tir'd,
Not one of us but means to be inſpir'd.
Let your kind preſence grace our homely cheer;
Peace and the butt is all our bus'neſs here:
So much for that,—and the devil take ſmall beer.

XXII.

A PROLOGUE.

Gallants! a bashful poet bids me say
He's come to lose his maidenhead to-day.
Be not too fierce, for he's but green of age,
And ne'er, till now, debauch'd upon the stage.
He wants the suff'ring part of resolution,
And comes with blushes to his execution.
Ere you deflow'r his Muse, he hopes the pit
Will make some settlement upon his wit.
Promise him well before the play begin,
For he would fain be cozen'd into sin.
'Tis not but that he knows you mean to fail;
But if you leave him after being frail,
He'll have, at least, a fair pretence to rail;
To call you base, and swear you us'd him ill,
And put you in the new Deserters' bill.
Lord! what a troop of perjur'd men we see,
Enow to fill another Mercury!
But this the ladies may with patience brook;
Theirs are not the first colours you forsook.
He would be loath the beauties to offend,
But if he should, he's not too old to mend.
He's a young plant, in his first year of bearing,
But his friend swears he will be worth the rearing.

His glofs is ftill upon him; tho' 'tis true
He's yet unripe, yet take him for the blue.
You think an apricot half green is beft;
There's fweet and four, and one fide good at leaft.
Mango's and limes, whofe nourifhment is little,
Tho' not for food, are yet preferv'd for pickle.
So this green writer may pretend, at leaft,
To whet your ftomachs for a better feaft.
He makes this diff'rence in the fexes too,
He fells to men, he gives himfelf to you.
To both he would contribute fome delight,
A meer poetical hermaphrodite.
Thus he's equipp'd, both to be woo'd and woo,
With arms offenfive and defenfive too;
'Tis hard, he thinks, if neither part will do.

XXIII.

PROLOGUE *to* ALBUMAZAR.

To fay this comedy pleas'd long ago,
Is not enough to make it pafs you now;
Yet, Gentlemen, your anceftors had wit,
When few men cenfur'd, and when fewer writ:
And Johnfon, of thofe few the beft, chofe this,
As the beft model of his mafterpiece.
Subtle was got by our Albumazar,
That alchymift by this aftrologer;

Here he was faſhion'd, and, we may ſuppoſe,
He lik'd the faſhion well who wore the clothes.
But Ben. made nobly his what he did mould;
What was another's lead becomes his gold:
Like an unrighteous conqueror he reigns,
Yet rules that well which he unjuſtly gains.
But this our age ſuch authors does afford,
As make whole plays, and yet ſcarce write one word;
Who in this anarchy of wit rob all,
And what's their plunder their poſſeſſion call;
Who, like old padders, ſcorn by night to prey,
But rob by ſunſhine, in the face of day:
Nay, ſcarce the common ceremony uſe
Of Stand, Sir, Deliver up your Muſe;
But knock the poet down, and, with a grace,
Mount Pegaſus before the owner's face.
Faith, if you have ſuch country Toms abroad,
'Tis time for all true men to leave that road:
Yet it were modeſt could it but be ſaid
They ſtrip the living, but theſe rob the dead,
Dare with the mummies of the Muſes play,
And make love to them the Egyptian way;
Or, as a rhyming author would have ſaid,
Join the dead living to the living dead.
Such men in poetry may claim ſome part,
They have the licenſe, tho' they want the art;
And might, where theft is prais'd, for laureats ſtand,
Poets not of the head but of the hand:

They make the benefits of other's ſtudying,
Much like the meals of politic Jack-pudding,
Whoſe diſh to challenge no man has the courage;
'Tis all his own when once h' has ſpit i' th' porridge.
But, Gentlemen, you're all concern'd in this,
You are in fault for what they do amiſs;
For they their thefts ſtill undiſcover'd think,
And durſt not ſteal, unleſs you pleas'd to wink.
Perhaps you may award, by your decree,
They ſhould refund; but that can never be;
For ſhould you letters of repriſal ſeal,
Theſe men write that which no man elſe would ſteal.

XXIV.

PROLOGUE *to* THE PILGRIM. *By* BEAUMONT *and* FLETCHER. *Revived for our Author's benefit, anno* 1700.

How wretched is the fate of thoſe who write!
Brought muzzled to the ſtage for fear they bite;
Where, like Tom Dove, they ſtand the common foe,
Lugg'd by the critic, baited by the beau.
Yet worſe, their brother poets damn the play,
And roar the loudeſt, tho' they never pay.
The fops are proud of ſcandal, for they cry,
At ev'ry lewd low character—That's I.
He who writes letters to himſelf would ſwear
The world forgot him if he was not there.

What ſhould a poet do? 'tis hard for one
To pleaſure all the fools that would be ſhown,
And yet not two in ten will paſs the Town.
Moſt coxcombs are not of the laughing kind;
More goes to make a fop than fops can find.
Quack Marus, tho' he never took degrees
In either of our Univerſities,
Yet to be ſhown by ſome kind wit he looks,
Becauſe he play'd the fool and writ three books;
But if he would be worth a poet's pen,
He muſt be more a fool, and write agen;
For all the former fuſtian ſtuff he wrote
Was dead-born dogg'rel, or is quite forgot.
His Man of Uz, ſtript of his Hebrew robe,
Is juſt the proverb, and As poor as Job.
One would have thought he could no longer jog;
But Arthur was a level Job's a bog:
There tho' he crept, yet ſtill he kept in ſight,
But here he founders in, and ſinks downright.
Had he prepar'd us, and been dull by rule,
Tobit had firſt been turn'd to ridicule;
But our bold Briton, without fear or awe,
O'erleaps at once the whole Apocrypha;
Invades the Pſalms with rhymes, and leaves no room
For any Vandal-Hopkins yet to come.
But when, if, after all, this godly gear
Is not ſo ſenſeleſs as it would appear,

Our mountebank has laid a deeper train,
His cant, like Merry-Andrew's noble vein,
Cat-calls the ſects to draw them in again.
At leiſure hours in epic ſong he deals,
Writes to the rumbling of his coach's wheels;
Preſcribes in haſte, and ſeldom kills by rule,
But rides triumphant between ſtool and ſtool.
Well, let him go; 'tis yet too early day
To get himſelf a place in farce or play.
We know not by what name we ſhould arraign him,
For no one category can contain him;
A pedant, canting preacher, and a quack,
Are load enough to break one aſs's back:
At laſt grown wanton, he preſum'd to write,
Traduc'd two kings, their kindneſs to requite;
One made the doctor, and one dubb'd the knight.

XXV.

PROLOGUE *for the Women, when they acted at the Old Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*

WERE none of you, Gallants! e'er driv'n ſo hard,
As when the poor kind ſoul was under guard,
And could not do't at home, in ſome by-ſtreet
To take a lodging, and in private meet?
Such is our caſe; we can't appoint our Houſe
The lover's old and wonted rendezvous;

But hither to this truſty nook remove;
The worſe the lodging is the more the love:
For much good paſtime, many a dear ſweet hug,
Is ſtol'n in garrets on the humble rug.
Here's good accommodation in the pit;
The grave demurely in the midſt may ſit,
And ſo the hot Burgundian on the ſide
Ply vizard maſk, and o'er the benches ſtride:
Here are convenient upper-boxes, too,
For thoſe that make the moſt triumphant ſhow;
All that keep coaches muſt not ſit below.
There, Gallants! you betwixt the acts retire,
And at dull plays have ſomething to admire;
We, who look up, can your addreſſes mark,
And ſee the creatures coupled in the ark;
So we expect the lovers, braves, and wits,
The gaudy houſe with ſcenes will ſerve for Cits.

EPILOGUES.

I.

EPILOGUE. *Spoken at the opening of the New house, March 26, 1674.*

THO' what our prologue ſaid was ſadly true,
Yet, Gentlemen, our homely houſe is new,
A charm that ſeldom fails with wicked you.
A country lip may have the velvet touch;
Tho' ſhe's no lady, you may think her ſuch:
A ſtrong imagination may do much.
But you, loud Sirs, who thro' your curls look big,
Critics in plume and white Vallancy wig,
Who lolling on our foremoſt benches ſit,
And ſtill charge firſt, the true forlorn of wit,
Whoſe favours, like the ſun, warm where you roll,
Yet you, like him, have neither heat nor ſoul;
So may your hats your foretops never preſs,
Untouch'd your ribbons, ſacred be your dreſs;
So may you ſlowly to old age advance,
And have th' excuſe of youth for ignorance;
So may Fop-corner full of noiſe remain,
And drive far off the dull attentive train;
So may your midnight ſcourings happy prove,
And morning batt'ries force your way to love;
So may not France your warlike hands recall,
But leave you by each others' ſwords to fall;

As you come here to ruffle vizard punk,
When ſober rail, and roar when your are drunk.
But to the wits we can ſome merit plead,
And urge what by themſelves has oft' been ſaid;
Our Houſe relieves the ladies from the frights
Of ill-pav'd ſtreets and long dark winter-nights;
The Flanders horſes from a cold bleak road,
Where bears in furs dare ſcarcely look abroad;
The audience from worn plays and fuſtain ſtuff
Of rhyme, more nauſeous than three boys in buff.
Tho' in their houſe the poets' heads appear,
We hope we may preſume their wits are here.
The beſt which they reſerv'd they now will play;
For, like kind cuckolds, tho' we've not the way
To pleaſe, we'll find you abler men who may.
If they ſhould fail, for laſt recruits we breed
A troop of friſking Monſieurs to ſucceed;
You know the French ſure cards in time of need.

II.

EPILOGUE. *Intended to have been ſpoken by the Lady* HEN. MAR. WENTWORTH, *when* CALISTO *was acted at Court.*

As Jupiter I made my court in vain,
I'll now aſſume my native ſhape again.
I'm weary to be ſo unkindly us'd,
And would not be a god to be refus'd.

State grows uneaſy when it hinders love;
A glorious burden, which the wiſe remove.
Now as a nymph I need not ſue, nor try
The force of any lightning but the eye.
Beauty and youth more than a god command;
No Jove could e'er the force of theſe withſtand.
'Tis here that ſov'reign pow'r admits diſpute;
Beauty ſometimes is juſtly abſolute.
Our ſullen Catos, whatſoe'er they ſay,
Ev'n while they frown and dictate laws, obey.
You, mighty Sir! our bonds more eaſy make,
And gracefully what all muſt ſuffer take:
Above thoſe forms the grave affect to wear,
For 'tis not to be wiſe to be ſevere.
True wiſdom may ſome gallantry admit,
And ſoften bus'neſs with the charms of wit.
Theſe peaceful triumphs with your cares you bought,
And from the midſt of fighting nations brought.
You only hear it thunder from afar,
And ſit in peace the arbiter of war:
Peace, the loath'd manna which hot brains deſpiſe,
You knew its worth, and made it early prize,
And in its happy leiſure ſit and ſee
The promiſes of more felicity;
Two glorious nymphs of your own godlike line,
Whoſe morning rays like noontide ſtrike and ſhine,
Whom you to ſuppliant monarchs ſhall diſpoſe,
To bind your friends and to diſarm your foes.

III.

EPILOGUE *to* THE MAN OF MODE: *Or*, SIR FOPLING FLUTTER. *By Sir* GEORGE ETHEREGE, 1676.

MOST modern wits ſuch monſtrous fools have ſhown,
They ſeem not of Heav'n's making, but their own.
Thoſe nauſeous Harlequins in farce may paſs,
But there goes more to a ſubſtantial aſs:
Something of man muſt be expos'd to view,
That, Gallants! they may more reſemble you.
Sir Fopling is a fool ſo nicely writ,
The ladies would miſtake him for a wit;
And when he ſings, talks loud, and cocks, would cry,
I vow methinks he's pretty company;
So briſk, ſo gay, ſo travell'd, ſo refin'd,
As he took pains to graff upon his kind.
True fops help Nature's work, and go to ſchool
To file and finiſh God Almighty's fool.
Yet none Sir Fopling him, or him can call;
He's knight o' th' ſhire, and repreſents ye all.
From each he meets he culls whate'er he can;
Legion's his name, a people in a man.
His bulky folly gathers as it goes,
And, rolling o'er you, like a ſnowball, grows.
His various modes from various fathers follow,
One taught the toſs, and one the new French wallow.

His ſword-knot this, his cravat that deſign'd,
And this, the yard-long ſnake, he twirls behind.
From one the ſacred periwig he gain'd,
Which wind ne'er blew, nor touch of hat profan'd.
Another's diving bow he did adore,
Which with a ſhog caſts all the hair before,
Till he with full decorum brings it back,
And riſes with a water-ſpaniel ſhake.
As for his ſongs, the ladies' dear delight,
Theſe, ſure, he took from moſt of you who write.
Yet ev'ry man is ſafe from what he fear'd,
For no one fool is hunted from the herd.

IV.

EPILOGUE *to* MITHRIDATES KING OF PONTUS. *By* *Mr.* N. LEE, 1678.

YOU'VE ſeen a pair of faithful lovers die;
And much you care; for moſt of you will cry
'Twas a juſt judgment on their conſtancy.
For, Heav'n be thank'd, we live in ſuch an age
When no man dies for love but on the ſtage:
And e'en thoſe martyrs are but rare in plays;
A curſed ſign how much true faith decays.
Love is no more a violent deſire;
'Tis a mere metaphor, a painted fire.
In all our ſex, the name examin'd well,
'Tis pride to gain, and vanity to tell.

In woman 'tis of ſubtle int'reſt made:
Curſe on the punk that made it firſt a trade!
She firſt did Wit's prerogative remove,
And made a fool preſume to prate of love.
Let honour and preferment go for gold,
But glorious beauty is not to be ſold;
Or if it be, 'tis at a rate ſo high,
That nothing but adoring it ſhould buy.
Yet the rich cullies may their boaſting ſpare;
They purchaſe but ſophiſticated ware.
'Tis prodigality that buys deceit,
Where both the giver and the taker cheat.
Men but refine on the old half-crown way,
And women fight, like Swiſſers, for their pay.

V.

EPILOGUE *to a Tragedy called* TAMERLANE. *By Mr.* SAUNDERS.

LADIES, the beardleſs author of this day
Commends to you the fortune of his play:
A woman-wit has often grac'd the ſtage,
But he's the firſt boy-poet of our age.
Early as is the year his fancies blow,
Like young Narciſſus peeping thro' the ſnow.
Thus Cowley bloſſom'd ſoon, yet flouriſh'd long;
This is as forward, and may prove as ſtrong.

Youth with the fair ſhould always favour find,
Or we are damn'd diſſemblers of our kind.
What's all this love they put into our parts?
'Tis but the pit-a-pat of two young hearts.
Should Hag and Graybeard make ſuch tender moan,
Faith you'd e'en truſt 'em to themſelves alone,
And cry, Let's go, here's nothing to be done.
Since love's our bus'neſs, as 'tis your delight,
The young, who beſt can practiſe, beſt can write.
What tho' he be not come to his full pow'r?
He's mending and improving ev'ry hour.
You ſly ſhe-jockies of the box and pit,
Are pleas'd to find a hot unbroken wit:
By management he may in time be made,
But there's no hopes of an old batter'd jade;
Faint and unnerv'd he runs into a ſweat,
And always fails you at the ſecond heat.

VI.

An EPILOGUE *for the King's houſe.*

We act by fits and ſtarts, like drowning men,
But juſt peep up, and then pop down again.
Let thoſe who call us wicked change their ſenſe;
For never men liv'd more on Providence.
Not lott'ry cavaliers are half ſo poor,
Nor broken Cits, nor a vacation-whore.

Not courts, nor courtiers living on the rents
Of the three laſt ungiving Parliaments:
So wretched, that if Pharaoh could divine,
He might have ſpar'd his dream of ſeven lean kine,
And chang'd his viſion for the Muſes Nine.
The comet that, they ſay, portends a dearth,
Was but a vapour drawn from playhouſe earth,
Pent there ſince our laſt fire, and, Lilly ſays,
Foreſhows our change of ſtate, and thin-third days.
'Tis not our want of wit that keeps us poor,
For then the printers' preſs would ſuffer more.
Their pamphleteers each day their venom ſpit;
They thrive by treaſon, and we ſtarve by wit.
Confeſs the truth, which of you has not laid
Four farthings out to buy the Hatfield Maid?
Or, which is duller yet, and more would ſpite us,
Democritus his Wars with Heraclitus?
Such are the authors who have run us down,
And exercis'd you critics of the Town.
Yet theſe are pearls to your lampooning rhymes;
Y' abuſe yourſelves more dully than the times.
Scandal, the glory of the Engliſh nation,
Is worn to rags, and ſcribbled out of faſhion.
Such harmleſs thruſts as if, like fencers wiſe,
They had agreed their play before their prize.
Faith they may hang their harps upon the willows;
'Tis juſt like children when they box with pillows.

Then put an end to Civil wars for ſhame;
Let each knight-errant who has wrong'd a dame
Throw down his pen, and give her, as he can,
The ſatisfaction of a gentleman.

VII.

EPILOGUE *to* THE LOYAL BROTHER: *or*, THE PERSIAN PRINCE, 1682.

A VIRGIN poet was ſerv'd up to-day,
Who, till this hour, ne'er cackled for a play.
He's neither yet a Whig nor Tory boy,
But, like a girl, whom ſev'ral would enjoy,
Begs leave to make the beſt of his own nat'ral toy.
Were I to play my callow author's game,
The Kings Houſe would inſtruct me by the name.
There's loyalty to one: I wiſh no more;
A commonwealth ſounds like a common whore.
Let huſband or gallant be what they will,
One part of woman is true Tory ſtill.
If any factious ſpirit ſhould rebel,
Our ſex, with eaſe, can ev'ry riſing quell.
Then, as you hope we ſhould your failings hide,
An honeſt jury for our play provide.
Whigs at their poets never take offence;
They ſave dull culprits who have murder'd ſenſe:
Tho' nonſence is a nauſeous heavy maſs,
The vehicle call'd Faction makes it paſs.

Faction in play's the Commonwealth-man's bribe,
The leaden farthing of the Canting tribe;
Tho' void in payment laws and ſtatutes make it,
The neighbourhood, that knows the man, will take it.
'Tis Faction buys the votes of half the pit;
Theirs is the penſion-parliament of wit.
In city-clubs their venom let them vent;
For there 'tis ſafe in its own element:
Here, where their madneſs can have no pretence,
Let them forget themſelves an hour of ſenſe.
In one poor iſle why ſhould two factions be?
Small diff'rence in your vices I can ſee;
In drink and drabs both ſides too well agree.
Would there were more preferments in the land!
If places fell the party could not ſtand.
Of this damn'd grievance ev'ry Whig complains;
They grunt like hogs till they have got their grains.
Mean-time you ſee what trade our plots advance,
We ſend each year good money into France;
And they that know what merchandiſe we need,
Send o'er true Proteſtants to mend our breed.

VIII.

EPILOGUE *to the Univerſity of Oxford. Spoken by Mr.* HART *at the acting of the* SILENT WOMAN.

No poor Dutch peaſant, wing'd with all his fear, [near,
Flies with more haſte when the French arms draw

Than we with our poetic train come down,
For refuge hither, from th' infected Town.
Heav'n for our ſins this ſummer has thought fit
To viſit us with all the plagues of wit.
A French troop firſt ſwept all things in its way,
But thoſe hot Monſieurs were too quick to ſtay:
Yet, to our coſt, in that ſhort time we find
They left their itch of novelty behind.
Th' Italian Merry-Andrews took their place,
And quite debauch'd the ſtage with lewd grimace.
Inſtead of wit and humours, your delight
Was there to ſee two hobby-horſes fight:
Stout Scaramoucha with ruſh lance rode in,
And ran a-tilt at Centaur Arlequin.
For love you heard how am'rous aſſes bray'd,
And cats in gutters gave their ſerenade.
Nature was out of count'nance, and each day
Some new-born monſter ſhewn you for a play.
But when all fail'd, to ſtrike the ſtage quite dumb,
Thoſe wicked engines called Machines are come.
Thunder and lightning now for wit are play'd,
And ſhortly ſcenes in Lapland will be laid:
Art-magic is for poetry profeſt;
And cats and dogs, and each obſcener beaſt,
To which Egyptian dotards once did bow,
Upon our Engliſh ſtage are worſhipp'd now.
Witchcraft reigns there, and raiſes to renown
Macbeth, and Simon Magus of the Town;

Fletcher's deſpis'd, your Johnſon's out of faſhion,
And wit the only drug in all the nation.
In this low ebb our wares to you are ſhown;
By you thoſe ſtaple authors' worth is known;
For wit's a manufacture of your own.
When you, who only can, their ſcenes have prais'd,
We'll boldly back, and ſay their price is rais'd.

IX.

EPILOGUE. *Spoken at Oxford. By Mrs.* MARSHALL.

OFT' has our poet wiſh'd this happy ſeat
Might prove his fading Muſe's laſt retreat:
I wonder'd at his wiſh, but now I find
He ſought for quiet and content of mind,
Which noiſeful towns and courts can never know,
And only in the ſhades, like laurels, grow.
Youth, ere it ſees the world, here ſtudies reſt,
And Age returning thence concludes it beſt.
What wonder if we court that happineſs
Yearly to ſhare which hourly you poſſeſs,
Teaching e'en you, while the vext world we ſhow
Your peace to value more and better know?
'Tis all we can return for favours paſt,
Whoſe holy memory ſhall ever laſt;
For patronage from him whoſe care preſides
O'er ev'ry noble art, and ev'ry ſcience guides;

Bathurſt! a name the learn'd with rev'rence know,
And ſcarcely more to his own Virgil owe;
Whoſe age enjoys but what his youth deſerv'd,
To rule thoſe Muſes whom before he ſerv'd.
His learning and untainted manners too,
We find, Athenians! are deriv'd to you:
Such ancient hoſpitality their reſts
In your's, as dwelt in the firſt Grecian breaſts,
Whoſe kindneſs was religion to their gueſts.
Such modeſty did to our ſex appear
As, had there been no laws, we need not fear,
Since each of you was our protector here:
Converſe ſo chaſte, and ſo ſtrict virtue ſhown,
As might Apollo with the Muſes own.
Till our return we muſt deſpair to find
Judges ſo juſt, ſo knowing, and ſo kind.

X.

EPILOGUE *to* CONSTANTINE THE GREAT. *By* *Mr.* N. LEE, 1684.

OUR hero's happy in the play's concluſion;
The holy rogue at laſt has met confuſion.
Tho' Arius all along appear'd a ſaint,
The laſt act ſhew'd him a true Proteſtant.
Euſebius (for you know I read Greek authors)
Reports, that after all theſe plots and ſlaughters,

The court of Conſtantine was full of glory,
And ev'ry Trimmer turn'd addreſſing Tory.
They follow'd him in herds as they were mad:
When Clauſe was king then all the world was glad.
Whigs kept the places they poſſeſs'd before,
And moſt were in a way of getting more;
Which was as much as ſaying, Gentlemen,
Here's pow'r and money to be rogues agen.
Indeed there were a ſort of peaking tools,
Some call them modeſt, but I call them fools,
Men much more loyal, tho' not half ſo loud;
But theſe poor devils were caſt behind the crowd:
For bold knaves thrive without one grain of ſenſe,
But good men ſtarve for want of impudence.
Beſides all theſe there were a ſort of wights,
(I think my author calls them Tekelites)
Such hearty rogues againſt the king and laws,
They favour'd e'en a foreign rebel's cauſe:
When their own damn'd deſign was quaſh'd and aw'd,
At leaſt they gave it their good word abroad:
As many a man who, for a quiet life,
Breeds out his baſtard not to noiſe his wife.
Thus o'er their darling plot theſe Trimmers cry,
And tho' they cannot keep it in their eye,
They bind it 'prentice to Count Tekely.
They believe not the laſt plot; may I be curſt
If I believe they e'er believ'd the firſt.

No wonder their own plot no plot they think;
The man that makes it never ſmells the ſtink.
And now it comes into my head, I'll tell
Why theſe damn'd Trimmers lov'd the Turks ſo well.
The orig'nal Trimmer, tho' a friend to no man,
Yet in his heart ador'd a pretty woman;
He knew that Mahomet laid up for ever
Kind black-ey'd rogues for ev'ry true believer;
And, which was more than mortal man e'er taſted,
One pleaſure that for threeſcore twelvemonths laſted:
To turn for this may ſurely be forgiven;
Who'd not be circumcis'd for ſuch a heav'n?

XI.

EPILOGUE *to the King and Queen, upon the union of the two companies*, 1686.

New miniſters, when firſt they get in place,
Muſt have a care to pleaſe; and that's our caſe.
Some laws for public welfare we deſign,
If you, the power ſupreme, will pleaſe to join.
There are a ſort of prattlers in the pit,
Who either have or who pretend to wit.
Theſe noiſy Sirs ſo loud their parts rehearſe,
That oft' the play is ſilenc'd by the farce.
Let ſuch be dumb, this penalty to ſhun,
Each to be thought my lady's eldeſt ſon.

But ſtay; methinks ſome vizard maſk I ſee
Caſt out her lure from the mid gallery;
About her all the flutt'ring ſparks are rang'd,
The noiſe continues tho' the ſcene is chang'd:
Now growling, ſputt'ring, wawling, ſuch a clutter,
'Tis juſt like puſs defendant in a gutter.
Fine love, no doubt! but ere two days are o'er ye,
The ſurgeon will be told a woeful ſtory.
Let Vizard Maſk her naked face expoſe,
On pain of being thought to want a noſe.
Then for your lackeys, and your train beſide,
By whate'er name or title dignify'd,
They roar ſo loud, you'd think behind the ſtairs
Tom Dove, and all the brotherhood of Bears.
They're grown a nuiſance, beyond all diſaſters;
We've none ſo great but their unpaying maſters.
We beg you, Sirs, to beg your men, that they
Would pleaſe to give you leave to hear the play.
Next in the playhouſe ſpare your precious lives;
Think, like good Chriſtians, on your bairns and wives;
Think on your ſouls; but, by your lugging forth,
It ſeems you know how little they are worth.
If none of theſe will move the warlike mind,
Think on the helpleſs whore you leave behind.
We beg you, laſt, our ſcene-room to forbear,
And leave our goods and chattels to our care.
Alas! our women are but waſhy toys,
And wholly taken up in ſtage employs:

Poor willing tits they are; but yet, I doubt,
This double duty ſoon will wear them out.
Then you are watch'd beſides with jealous care;
What if my Lady's page ſhould find you there?
My Lady knows t' a tittle what there's in ye;
No paſſing your gilt ſhilling for a guinea.
Thus, Gentlemen, we have ſumm'd up in ſhort
Our grievances from country, town, and court,
Which humbly we ſubmit to your good pleaſure;
But firſt vote money, then redreſs at leiſure.

XII.

EPILOGUE *to* THE PRINCESS OF CLEVES, 1689.

A QUALM of conſcience brings me back again,
To make amends to you beſpatter'd men.
We women love, like cats that hide their joys,
By growling, ſqualling, and a hideous noiſe.
I rail'd at wild young ſparks; but, without lying,
Never was man worſe thought on for high-flying.
The prodigal of love gives each her part,
And ſquand'ring ſhows, at leaſt, a noble heart.
I've heard of men who, in ſome lewd lampoon,
Have hir'd a friend to make their valour known.
That accuſation ſtraight this queſtion brings,
What is the man that does ſuch naughty things?
The ſpaniel lover, like a ſneaking fop,
Lies at our feet; he's ſcarce worth taking up.

'Tis true ſuch heroes in a play go far;
But chamber-practice is not like the bar.
When men ſuch vile, ſuch faint, petitions make,
We fear to give, becauſe they fear to take.
Since modeſty's the virtue of our kind,
Pray let it be to our own ſex confin'd:
When men uſurp it from the female nation,
'Tis but a work of ſupererogation—
We ſhew'd a Princeſs in the play, 'tis true,
Who gave her Cæſar more than all his due;
Told her own faults: but I ſhould much abhor
To chuſe a huſband for my confeſſor.
You ſee what fate follow'd the ſaint-like fool
For telling tales from out the nuptial-ſchool.
Our play a merry comedy had prov'd,
Had ſhe confeſs'd ſo much to him ſhe lov'd.
True Preſbyterian wives the means would try,
But damn'd confeſſing is flat Popery.

XIII.

EPILOGUE *to* HENRY II. *By Mr.* MOUNTFORT, 1693.
Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

THUS you the ſad cataſtrophe have ſeen,
Occaſion'd by a miſtreſs and a queen.
Queen Eleanor the Proud was French, they ſay,
But Engliſh manufacture got the day.

Jane Clifford was her name, as books aver;
Fair Rofamond was but her *nom de guerre.*
Now tell me, Gallants! would you lead your life
With fuch a miftrefs or with fuch a wife?
If one muft be your choice, which d'ye approve,
The curtain lecture or the curtain love?
Would ye be godly with perpetual ftrife,
Still drudging on with homely Joan your wife,
Or take your pleafure in a wicked way,
Like honeft whoring Harry in the play?
I guefs your minds; the miftrefs would be taken,
And naufeous Matrimony fent a-packing.
The devil's in you all; mankind's a rogue;
You love the bride, but you deteft the clog.
After a year poor fpoufe is left i' th' lurch,
And you, like Haynes, return to mother-church.
Or, if the name of Church comes crofs your mind,
Chapels of Eafe behind our fcenes you find.
The playhoufe is a kind of market-place;
One chaffers for a voice, another for a face:
Nay, fome of you, I dare not fay how many,
Would buy of me a penn'worth for your penny.
E'en this poor face, which with my fan I hide,
Would make a fhift my portion to provide,
With fome fmall perquifites I have befide.
Tho' for your love, perhaps, I fhould not care,
I could not hate a man that bids me fair.

What might enſue 'tis hard for me to tell,
But I was drench'd to-day for loving well,
And fear the poiſon that would make me ſwell.

XIV.

AN EPILOGUE.

You ſaw our wife was chaſte, yet throughly try'd,
And, without doubt, y' are hugely edify'd;
For like our hero whom we ſhew'd to-day,
You think no woman true but in a play.
Love once did make a pretty kind of ſhow;
Eſteem and kindneſs in one breaſt would grow;
But 'twas Heav'n knows how many years ago.
Now ſome ſmall chat, and guinea expectation,
Gets all the pretty creatures in the nation.
In comedy your little ſelves you meet;
'Tis Covent-Garden drawn in Bridges-Street.
Smile on our author then, if he has ſhown
A jolly nut-brown baſtard of your own.
Ah! happy you, with eaſe and with delight,
Who act thoſe follies poets toil to write!
The ſweating Muſe does almoſt leave the chaſe;
She puffs, and hardly keeps your Protean vices pace.
Pinch you but in one vice, away you fly
To ſome new friſk of contrariety.
You roll like ſnow-balls, gathering as you run,
And get ſeven dev'ls when diſpoſſeſs'd of one.

Your Venus once was a Platonic queen;
Nothing of love beſide the face was ſeen;
But ev'ry inch of her you now uncaſe,
And clap a vizard-maſk upon the face.
For ſins like theſe the zealous of the land,
With little hair and little or no band,
Declare how circulating peſtilences
Watch, ev'ry twenty years, to ſnap offences.
Saturn e'en now takes doctoral degrees,
He'll do your work this ſummer without fees.
Let all the boxes, Phœbus! find thy grace,
And, ah! preſerve the eighteen-penny place!
But for the pit-confounders, let 'em go,
And find as little mercy as they ſhow:
The actors thus, and thus thy poets pray;
For ev'ry critic ſav'd thou damn'ſt a play.

XV.

EPILOGUE *to* THE HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD.

Like ſome raw ſophiſter that mounts the pulpit,
So trembles a young poet at a full pit.
Unus'd to crowds, the parſon quakes for fear,
And wonders how the dev'l he durſt come there,
Wanting three talents needful for the place,
Some beard, ſome learning, and ſome little grace.

Nor is the puny Poet void of care,
For authors, ſuch as our new authors are,
Have not much learning nor much wit to ſpare:
And as for grace, to tell the truth, there's ſcarce one
But has as little as the very Parſon.
Both ſay they preach and write for your inſtruction,
But 'tis for a third day, and for induction.
The difference is, that tho' you like the play,
The Poet's gain is ne'er beyond his day.
But with the Parſon 'tis another caſe;
He without holineſs may riſe to grace.
The Poet has one diſadvantage more,
That if his play be dull he's damn'd all o'er,
Not only a damn'd blockhead, but damn'd poor.
But dulneſs well becomes the ſable garment;
I warrant that ne'er ſpoil'd a Prieſt's preferment:
Wit's not his bus'neſs, and as wit now goes,
Sirs, 'tis not ſo much your's as you ſuppoſe,
For you like nothing now but nauſeous beaus.
You laugh not, Gallants! as by proof appears,
At what his Beauſhip ſays, but what he wears;
So 'tis your eyes are tickled, not your ears.
The tailor and the furrier find the ſtuff,
The wit lies in the dreſs and monſtrous muff.
The truth on't is, the payment of the pit
Is like for like, clipt money for clipt wit.
You cannot from our abſent author hope
He ſhould equip the ſtage with ſuch a fop:

Fools change in England, and new fools ariſe;
For tho' th' immortal ſpecies never dies,
Yet ev'ry year new maggots make new flies:
But where he lives abroad he ſcarce can find
One fool for millions that he left behind.

XVI.

EPILOGUE *to* THE PILGRIM.

PERHAPS the Parſon ſtretch'd a point too far,
When with our theatres he wag'd a war.
He tells you that this very moral age
Receiv'd the firſt infection from the ſtage.
But, ſure, a baniſh'd court, with lewdneſs fraught,
The ſeeds of open vice, returning, brought.
Thus lodg'd (as vice by great example thrives)
It firſt debauch'd the daughters and the wives.
London, a fruitful ſoil, yet never bore
So plentiful a crop of horns before.
The poets, who muſt live by courts or ſtarve,
Were proud ſo good a government to ſerve,
And, mixing with buffoons and pimps profane,
Tainted the ſtage for ſome ſmall ſnip of gain.
For they, like harlots, under bawds profeſt,
Took all th' ungodly pains, and got the leaſt.
Thus did the thriving malady prevail,
The court its head, the poets but the tail.
The ſin was of our native growth 'tis true,
The ſcandal of the ſin was wholly new.

Miſſes they were, but modeſtly conceal'd;
Whitehall the naked Venus firſt reveal'd,
Who ſtanding, as at Cyprus, in her ſhrine,
The ſtrumpet was ador'd with rites divine.
Ere this, if ſaints had any ſecret motion,
'Twas chamber-practice all and cloſe devotion.
I paſs the peccadillos of their time;
Nothing but open lewdneſs was a crime.
A monarch's blood was venial to the nation,
Compar'd with one foul act of fornication.
Now they would ſilence us, and ſhut the door,
That let in all the bare-fac'd vice before.
As for reforming us, which ſome pretend,
That work in England is without an end:
Well may we change, but we ſhall never mend.
Yet if you can but bear the preſent ſtage,
We hope much better of the coming age.
What would you ſay if we ſhould firſt begin
To ſtop the trade of love behind the ſcene,
Where actreſſes make bold with married men?
For while abroad ſo prodigal the dolt is,
Poor ſpouſe at home as ragged as a colt is.
In ſhort, we'll grow as moral as we can,
Save here and there a woman or a man:
But neither you nor we, with all our pains,
Can make clean work; there will be ſome remains
While you have ſtill you Oates and we our Haynes.

SONGS.

I.

THE FAIR STRANGER.

I.

HAPPY and free, ſecurely bleſt,
No beauty could diſturb my reſt;
My am'rous heart was in deſpair,
To find a new victorious fair:

II.

Till you, deſcending on our plains,
With foreign force renew my chains;
Where now you rule without control,
The mighty ſov'reign of my ſoul.

III.

Your ſmiles have more of conqu'ring charms
Than all your native country arms:
Their troops we can expel with eaſe,
Who vanquiſh only when we pleaſe.

IV.

But in your eyes, oh! there's the ſpell,
Who can ſee them and not rebel?
You make us captives by your ſtay,
Yet kill us if you go away.

II.

On THE YOUNG STATESMEN. *Written in* 1680.

CLARENDON had law and ſenſe;
Clifford was fierce and brave;
Bennet's grave looks was a pretence,
And Danby's matchleſs impudence
Help'd to ſupport the knave.

But Sunderland, Godolphin, Lory,
Theſe will appear ſuch chits in ſtory,
'Twill turn all politics to jeſts,
To be repeated like John Dory,
When fiddlers ſing at feaſts.

Protect us, mighty Providence!
What would theſe madmen have?
Firſt they would bribe us without pence,
Deceive us without common ſenſe,
And without pow'r enſlave.

Shall free-born men, in humble awe,
Submit to ſervile ſhame,
Who from conſent and cuſtom draw
The ſame right to be rul'd by law
Which kings pretend to reign?

The Duke ſhall wield his conqu'ring ſword,
The Chancellor make a ſpeech,
The King ſhall paſs his honeſt word,
The pawn'd revenue ſums afford,
And then, Come kiſs my breech.

So have I ſeen a king on cheſs
(His rooks and knights withdrawn,
His queen and biſhops in diſtreſs)
Shifting about, grow leſs and leſs,
With here and there a pawn.

III.

A SONG *for St.* CECILIA'S *day*, 1687.

I.

FROM harmony, from heav'nly harmony,
This univerſal frame began.
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Ariſe, ye more than dead!
Then cold and hot, and moiſt and dry,
In order to their ſtations leap,
And Muſic's power obey.
From harmony, from heav'nly harmony,
This univerſal frame began:

From harmony to harmony,
Thro' all the compaſs of the notes it ran,
The diapaſon cloſing full in man.

II.

What paſſion cannot Muſic raiſe and quell!
When Jubal ſtruck the corded ſhell,
His liſt'ning brethren ſtood around,
And, wond'ring, on their faces fell
To worſhip that celeſtial ſound.
Leſs than a god they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that ſhell
That ſpoke ſo ſweetly and ſo well.
What paſſion cannot Muſic raiſe and quell!

III.

The Trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With ſhrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms;
The double, double, double beat
Of the thund'ring Drum
Cries, Hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

IV.

The ſoft complaining Flute
In dying notes diſcovers
The woes of hopeleſs lovers,
Whoſe dirge is whiſper'd by the warbling Lute.

V.

Sharp Violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and deſperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of paſſion,
For the fair diſdainful dame.

VI.

But, oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The ſacred Organ's praiſe?
Notes inſpiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heav'nly ways
To mend the choirs above.

VII.

Orpheus could lead the ſavage race,
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the Lyre;
But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder higher,
When to her Organ vocal breath was giv'n;
An angel heard, and ſtraight appear'd,
Miſtaking earth for heav'n.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the pow'r of ſacred lays
The ſpheres began to move,
And ſung the great Creator's praiſe
To all the bleſs'd above;
So when the laſt and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant ſhall devour,

The trumpet ſhall be heard on high,
The dead ſhall live, the living die,
And Muſic ſhall untune the ſky.

IV.

THE TEARS OF AMYNTA *for the death of* DAMON.

I.

On a bank, beſide a willow,
Heav'n her cov'ring, earth her pillow,
Sad Amynta ſigh'd alone:
From the cheerleſs dawn of morning,
Till the dews of night returning,
Sighing, thus ſhe made her moan:
Hope is baniſh'd,
Joys are vaniſh'd,
Damon, my belov'd, is gone!

II.

Time, I dare thee to diſcover
Such a youth and ſuch a lover;
Oh! ſo true, ſo kind was he!
Damon was the pride of Nature,
Charming in his ev'ry feature;
Damon liv'd alone for me:
Melting kiſſes,
Murm'ring bliſſes:
Who ſo liv'd and lov'd as we!

III.

Never ſhall we curſe the morning,
Never bliſs the night returning,
Sweet embraces to reſtore:
Never ſhall we both lie dying,
Nature failing, Love ſupplying
All the joys he drain'd before:
Death come end me
To befriend me;
Love and Damon are no more! 27

V.

A SONG.

I.

Sylvia the fair, in the bloom of fifteen,
Felt an innocent warmth as ſhe lay on the green;
She had heard of a pleaſure, and ſomething ſhe gueſt
By the towzing, and tumbling, and touching her breaſt:
She ſaw the men eager, but was at a loſs
What they meant by their ſighing, and kiſſing ſo cloſe:
By their praying and whining,
And claſping and twining,
And panting and wiſhing,
And ſighing and kiſſing,
And ſighing and kiſſing ſo cloſe.

II.

Ah! ſhe cry'd; ah! for a languiſhing maid
In a country of Chriſtians to die without aid?

Not a Whig or a Tory, or Trimmer at leaſt,
Or a Proteſtant parſon or Catholic prieſt,
To inſtruct a young virgin that is at a loſs
What they meant by their ſighing, and kiſſing ſo cloſe:
By their praying and whining,
And claſping and twining,
And panting and wiſhing,
And ſighing and kiſſing,
And ſighing and kiſſing ſo cloſe.

III.

Cupid in ſhape of a ſwain did appear;
He ſaw the ſad wound, and in pity drew near;
Then ſhow'd her his arrow, and bid her not fear,
For the pain was no more than a maiden may bear:
When the balm was infus'd ſhe was not at a loſs
What they meant by their ſighing, and kiſſing ſo cloſe:
By their praying and whining,
And claſping and twining,
And panting and wiſhing,
And ſighing and kiſſing,
And ſighing and kiſſing ſo cloſe.

VI.

THE LADIES' SONG.

I.

A CHOIR of bright beauties in ſpring did appear,
To chuſe a May-lady to govern the year;

All the nymphs were in white, and the ſhepherds in
green;
The garland was giv'n, and Phyllis was queen:
But Phyllis refus'd it, and, ſighing, did ſay,
I'll not wear a garland while Pan is away.

II.

While Pan and fair Syrinx are fled from our ſhore,
The Graces are baniſh'd, and Love is no more;
The ſoft god of Pleaſure, that warm'd our deſires,
Has broken his bow and extinguiſh'd his fires;
And vows that himſelf and his mother will mourn
Till Pan and fair Syrinx in triumph return.

III.

Forbear your addreſſes, and court us no more,
For we will perform what the Deity ſwore;
But if you dare think of deſerving our charms,
Away with your ſheephooks, and take to your arms:
Then laurels and myrtles your brows ſhall adorn,
When Pan and his ſon and fair Syrinx return.

VII.

A SONG.

I.

Fair, ſweet, and young, receive a prize
Reſerv'd for your victorious eyes:
From crowds, whom at your feet you ſee,
O pity and diſtinguiſh me!

As I, from thousand beauties more
Diſtinguiſh you, and only you adore.

II.

Your face for conqueſt was deſign'd;
Your ev'ry motion charms my mind;
Angels, when you your ſilence break,
Forget their hymns to hear you ſpeak;
But when, at once, they hear and view,
Are loath to mount, and long to ſtay with you.

III.

No graces can your form improve,
But all are loſt unleſs you love;
While that ſweet paſſion you diſdain,
Your veil and beauty are in vain:
In pity then prevent my fate,
For after dying all reprieve's too late.

VIII.

A SONG.

High ſtate and honours to others impart,
But give me your heart:
That treaſure, that treaſure alone,
I beg for my own.
So gentle a love, ſo fervent a fire,
My ſoul does inſpire;
That treaſure, that treaſure alone,
I beg for my own.

Your love let me crave;
Give me in poſſeſſing
So matchleſs a bleſſing;
That empire is all I would have.
Love's my petition,
All my ambition;
If e'er you diſcover
So faithful a lover,
So real a flame,
I'll die, I'll die;
So give up my game.

IX.

RONDELAY.

I.

Chloe found Amyntas lying,
All in tears, upon the plain,
Sighing to himſelf, and crying,
Wretched I, to love in vain!
Kiſs me, Dear! before my dying;
Kiſs me once, and eaſe my pain!

II.

Sighing to himſelf, and crying,
Wretched I, to love in vain!
Ever ſcorning, and denying
To reward your faithful ſwain:
Kiſs me, Dear! before my dying;
Kiſs me once, and eaſe my pain!

III.

Ever ſcorning, and denying
To reward your faithful ſwain;
Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain:
Kiſs me, Dear! before my dying;
Kiſs me once, and eaſe my pain!

IV.

Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain:
But repenting, and complying,
When he kiſs'd, ſhe kiſs'd again:
Kiſs'd him up before his dying;
Kiſs'd him up, and eas'd his pain.

X.

A SONG.

I.

Go tell Amynta, gentle Swain!
I would not die, nor dare complain;
Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
Thy words will more prevail than mine.
To ſouls oppreſs'd, and dumb with grief,
The gods ordain this kind relief,
That muſic ſhould in ſounds convey
What dying lovers dare not ſay.

II.

A ſigh or tear, perhaps, ſhe'll give,
But love on pity cannot live;
Tell her that hearts for hearts were made,
And love with love is only paid:
Tell her my pains ſo faſt increaſe,
That ſoon they will be paſt redreſs:
But, ah! the wretch that ſpeechleſs lies
Attends but death to cloſe his eyes.

XI.

A SONG *to a fair young Lady going out of the Town in the Spring.*

I.

ASK not the cauſe why ſullen Spring
So long delays her flow'rs to bear;
Why warbling birds forget to ſing,
And winter-ſtorms invert the year:
Chloris is gone, and Fate provides
To make it ſpring where ſhe reſides.

II.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair!
She caſt not back a pitying eye,
But left her lover in deſpair,
To ſigh, to languiſh, and to die.
Ah, how can thoſe fair eyes endure
To give the wounds they will not cure?

III.

Great god of Love, why haſt thou made
A face that can all hearts command,

That all religions can invade,
And change the laws of ev'ry land?
Where thou hadſt plac'd ſuch pow'r before,
Thou ſhouldſt have made her mercy more.

IV.

When Chloris to the temple comes,
Adoring crowds before her fall;
She can reſtore the dead from tombs,
And ev'ry life but mine recall.
I only am by Love deſign'd
To be the victim for mankind.

XII.

SONG *of a* SCHOLAR AND HIS MISTRESS, *who being croſſed by their friends, fell mad for one another, and now firſt meet in Bedlam.*

[*Muſic within.*]

The lovers enter at oppoſite doors, each held by a keeper.

PHIL. LOOK, look, I ſee—I ſee my love appear!
'Tis he—'tis he alone,
For like him there is none:
'Tis the dear, dear man; 'tis thee, Dear!
AMYNT. Hark! the winds war,
The foamy waves roar;
I ſee a ſhip afar,
Toſſing and toſſing, and making to the ſhore:
But what's that I view,
So radiant of hue,

St. Hermo, St. Hermo, that ſits upon the ſails?
Ah! no, no, no;
St. Hermo never, never ſhone ſo bright;
'Tis Phillis, only Phillis, can ſhoot ſo fair a light:
'Tis Phillis, 'tis Phillis, that ſaves the ſhip alone,
For all the winds are huſh'd, and the ſtorm is over-
blown.

PHIL. Let me go, let me run, let me fly to his arms.

AMYNT. If all the Fates combine,
And all the Furies join, [charms.
I'll force my way to Phillis, and break through their

[*Here they break from their keepers, run to each other, and embrace.*]

PHIL. Shall I marry the man I love?
And ſhall I conclude my pains?
Now bleſs'd be the Pow'rs above!
I feel the blood bound in my veins;
With a lively leap it began to move,
And the vapours leave my brains.

AMYNT. Body join'd to body, and heart join'd to
To make ſure of the cure, [heart,
Go call the man in black to mumble o'er his part.

PHIL. But ſuppoſe he ſhould ſtay—

AMYNT. At worſt if he delay,
'Tis a work muſt be done,
We'll borrow but a day,
And the better the ſooner begun.

Cho. of both.] At worſt if he delay, *&c.*

[*They run out together hand in hand.*

ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

I.

To the memory of Mr. OLDHAM.

FAREWELL, too little and too lately known,
Whom I began to think and call my own;
For ſure our ſouls were near ally'd, and thine
Caſt in the ſame poetic mould with mine:
One common note on either lyre did ſtrike,
And knaves and fools we both abhorr'd alike:
To the ſame goal did both our ſtudies drive;
The laſt ſet out the ſooneſt did arrive.
Thus Niſus fell upon the ſlipp'ry place,
Whilſt his young friend perform'd and won the race.
O early ripe! to thy abundant ſtore
What could advancing age have added more?
It might, what Nature never gives the young,
Have taught the ſmoothneſs of thy native tongue.
But ſatire needs not thoſe, and wit will ſhine
Thro' the harſh cadence of a rugged line:
A noble error, and but ſeldom made,
When poets are by too much force betray'd.
Thy gen'rous fruits, tho' gather'd ere their prime,
Still ſhew'd a quickneſs; and maturing Time
But mellows what we write to the dull ſweets of rhyme.

Once more, hail, and farewell; farewell thou young,
But, ah, too ſhort Marcellus of our tongue!
Thy brows with ivy and with laurels bound;
But Fate and gloomy Night encompaſs thee around.

II.

AN ODE

To the pious memory of the accompliſhed young Lady

MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW,

Excellent in the two ſiſter-arts of Poeſy and Painting.

I.

Thou youngeſt virgin-daughter of the Skies,
Made in the laſt promotion of the bleſs'd;
Whoſe palms, new pluck'd from Paradiſe,
In ſpreading branches more ſublimely riſe,
Rich with immortal green above the reſt;
Whether, adopted to ſome neighb'ring ſtar,
Thou roll'ſt above us in thy wand'ring race,
Or, in proceſſion fix'd and regular,
Mov'd with the the heav'n's majeſtic pace;
Or, call'd to more ſuperior bliſs,
Thou tread'ſt, with ſeraphims, the vaſt abyſs;
Whatever happy region is thy place,
Ceaſe thy celeſtial ſong a little ſpace;
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since heav'n's eternal year is thine:

Hear, then, a mortal Muſe thy praiſe rehearſe
In no ignoble verſe;
But ſuch as thy own voice did practiſe here,
When thy firſt fruits of poeſy were giv'n
To make thyſelf a welcome inmate there;
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of heav'n.

II.

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the leſs to find
A ſoul ſo charming from a ſtock ſo good;
Thy father was transfus'd into thy blood:
So wert thou born into a tuneful ſtrain,
An early, rich, and inexhauſted vein.
But if thy pre-exiſting ſoul
Was form'd, at firſt, with myriads more,
It did thro' all the mighty poets roll,
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
And was that Sappho laſt which once it was before.
If ſo, then ceaſe thy flight, O heav'n-born mind!
Thou haſt no droſs to purge from thy rich ore,
Nor can thy ſoul a fairer manſion find
Than was the beauteous frame ſhe left behind:
Return to fill or mend the choir of thy celeſtialkind.

III.

May we preſume to ſay that at thy birth
New joy was ſprung in heav'n as well as here on earth?

For ſure the milder planets did combine
On thy auſpicious horoſcope to ſhine,
And e'en the moſt malicious were in trine.
Thy brother-angels at thy birth
Strung each his lyre, and tun'd it high,
That all the people of the ſky
Might know a poeteſs was born on earth;
And then, if ever, mortal ears
Had heard the muſic of the ſpheres.
And if no cluſt'ring ſwarm of bees
On thy ſweet mouth diſtill'd their golden dew,
'Twas that ſuch vulgar miracles
Heav'n had not leiſure to renew;
For all thy bleſs'd fraternity of love
Solemniz'd there thy birth, and kept thy holy-day above.

IV.

O gracious God! how far have we
Profan'd thy heav'nly gift of poeſy?
Made proſtitute and profligate the Muſe,
Debas'd to each obſcene and impious uſe,
Whoſe harmony was firſt ordain'd above
For tongues of angels and for hymns of love?
O wretched we! why were we hurry'd down
This lubrique and adult'rate age,
(Nay, added fat pollutions of our own)
T' increaſe the ſtreaming ordures of the ſtage?
What can we ſay t' excuſe our ſecond fall?
Let this thy veſtal, Heav'n! atone for all:

Her Arethuſian ſtream remains unſoil'd,
Unmix'd with foreign filth, and undefil'd;
Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

V.

Art ſhe had none, yet wanted none,
For Nature did that want ſupply;
So rich in treaſures of her own,
She might our boaſted ſtores defy:
Such noble vigour did her verſe adorn,
That it ſeem'd borrow'd, where 'twas only born.
Her morals, too, were in her boſom bred,
By great examples daily fed,
What in the beſt of books, her father's life, ſhe read.
And to be read herſelf ſhe need not fear;
Each teſt, and ev'ry light, her Muſe will bear,
Tho' Epictetus, with his lamp, were there.
E'en love, for love ſometimes her Muſe expreſs'd,
Was but a lambent flamewhich play'dabout her breaſt,
Light as the vapours of a morning-dream;
So cold herſelf, while ſhe ſuch warmth expreſt,
'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's ſtream.

VI.

Born to to the ſpacious empire of the Nine,
One would have thought ſhe ſhould have been content
To manage well that mighty government;
But what can young ambitious ſouls confine?
To the next realm ſhe ſtretch'd her ſway,
For Painture near adjoining lay,
A plenteous province and alluring prey.

A Chamber of Dependencies was fram'd,
(As conquerors will never want pretence,
When arm'd, to juſtify th' offence)
And the whole fief, in right of poetry, ſhe claim'd.
The country open lay without defence,
For poets frequent inroads there had made,
And perfectly could repreſent
The ſhape, the face, with ev'ry lineament,
And all the large domains which the dumb ſiſter ſway'd;
All bow'd beneath her government,
Receiv'd in triumph whereſoe'er ſhe went,
Her pencil drew whate'er her ſoul deſign'd,
And oft' the happy draught ſurpaſs'd the image in her mind.
The ſylvan ſcenes of herds and flocks,
And fruitful plains and barren rocks,
Of ſhallow brooks that flow'd ſo clear,
The bottom did the top appear;
Of deeper too, and ampler floods,
Which, as in mirrors, ſhew'd the woods;
Of lofty trees, with ſacred ſhades,
And perſpectives of pleaſant glades,
Where nymphs of brighteſt form appear,
And ſhaggy Satyrs ſtanding near,
Which them at once admire and fear.
The ruins, too, of ſome majeſtic piece,
Boaſting the pow'r of ancient Rome or Greece,
Whoſe ſtatues, freezes, columns, broken lie,
And, tho' defac'd, the wonder of the eye;

What Nature, Art, bold Fiction, e'er durſt frame,
Her forming hand gave feature to the name.
So ſtrange a concourſe ne'er was ſeen before,
But when the peopled Ark the whole creation bore.

VII.

The ſcene then chang'd, with bold erected look
Our martial King the ſight with rev'rence ſtrook;
For, not content t' expreſs his outward part,
Her hand call'd out the image of his heart:
His warlike mind, his ſoul devoid of fear,
His high-deſigning thoughts were figur'd there,
As when, by magic, ghoſts are made appear.
Our phœnix Queen was pourtray'd, too, ſo bright,
Beauty alone could beauty take ſo right:
Her dreſs, her ſhape, her matchleſs grace,
Were all obſerv'd, as well as heav'nly face.
With ſuch a peerleſs majeſty ſhe ſtands,
As in that day ſhe took the crown from ſacred hands;
Before a train of heroines was ſeen
In beauty foremoſt, as in rank the Queen.
Thus nothing to her genius was deny'd,
But like a ball of fire, the further thrown,
Still with a greater blaze ſhe ſhone,
And her bright ſoul broke out on ev'ry ſide.
What next ſhe had deſign'd Heav'n only knows:
To ſuch immod'rate growth her conqueſt roſe,
That Fate alone its progreſs could oppoſe.

VIII.

Now all thoſe charms, that blooming grace,
The well-proportion'd ſhape and beauteous face,
Shall never more be ſeen by mortal eyes;
In earth the much-lamented virgin lies.
Not wit nor piety could Fate prevent;
Nor was the cruel Deſtiny content
To finiſh all the murder at a blow,
To ſweep, at once, her life and beauty too;
But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
To work more miſchievouſly ſlow,
And plunder'd firſt, and then deſtroy'd.
A double ſacrilege on things divine,
To rob the relic and deface the ſhrine!
But thus Orinda dy'd:
Heav'n by the ſame diſeaſe did both tranſlate:
As equal were their ſouls, ſo equal was their fate.

IX.

Mean-time her warlike brother on the ſeas
His waving ſtreamers to the winds diſplays,
And vows for his return, with vain devotion, pays.
Ah, gen'rous youth! that wiſh forbear,
The winds too ſoon will waft thee here:
Slack all thy ſails, and fear to come,
Alas! thou know'ſt not thou art wreck'd at home!
No more ſhalt thou behold thy ſiſter's face,
Thou haſt already had her laſt embrace.

But look aloft, and if thou kenn'ſt from far,
Among the Pleiads a new-kindled ſtar,
If any ſparkles than the reſt more bright,
'Tis ſhe that ſhines in that propitious light.

X.

When in mid-air the golden trump ſhall ſound,
To raiſe the nations under ground;
When, in the valley of Jehoſhaphat,
The judging God ſhall cloſe the book of Fate,
And there the laſt aſſizes keep
For thoſe who wake and thoſe who ſleep;
When rattling bones together fly
From the four corners of the ſky;
When ſinews o'er the ſkeletons are ſpread,
Thoſe cloth'd with fleſh, and life inſpires the dead;
The ſacred poets firſt ſhall hear the ſound,
And foremoſt from the tomb ſhall bound,
For they are cover'd with the lighteſt ground;
And ſtraight, with inborn vigour, on the wing,
Like mounting larks, to the new morning ſing:
There thou, ſweet Saint! before the quire ſhall go,
As harbinger of Heav'n, the way to ſhow,
The way which thou ſo well haſt learnt below.

ELEONORA:

A PANEGYRICAL POEM.

Dedicated to the memory of

THE LATE COUNTESS OF ABINGDON.

To the Right Honourable

THE EARL OF ABINGDON, *&c.*

MY LORD,

THE commands with which you honoured me ſome months ago are now performed: they had been ſooner, but, betwixt ill health, ſome buſineſs, and many troubles, I was forced to defer them till this time. Ovid, going to his baniſhment, and writing from on ſhipboard to his friends, excuſed the faults of his poetry by his misfortunes, and told them that good verſes never flow but from a ſerene and compoſed ſpirit. Wit, which is a kind of Mercury with wings faſtened to his head and heels, can fly but ſlowly in a damp air. I therefore choſe rather to obey you late than ill, if at leaſt I am capable of writing any thing, at any time, which is worthy your peruſal and your patronage. I cannot ſay that I have eſcaped

from a ſhipwreck, but have only gained a rock by hard ſwimming, where I may pant a while and gather breath: for the doctors give me a ſad aſſurance that my diſeaſe never took its leave of any man but with a purpoſe to return. However, my Lord, I have laid hold on the interval, and managed the ſmall ſtock which age has left me to the beſt advantage, in performing this inconſiderable ſervice to my Lady's memory. We, who are prieſts of Apollo, have not the inſpiration when we pleaſe; but muſt wait till the god comes ruſhing on us, and invades us with a fury which we are not able to reſiſt; which gives us double ſtrength while the fit continues, and leaves us languiſhing and ſpent at its departure. Let me not ſeem to boaſt, my Lord; for I have really felt it on this occaſion, and propheſied beyond my natural power. Let me add, and hope to be believed, that the excellency of the ſubject contributed much to the happineſs of the execution; and that the weight of thirty years was taken off me while I was writing. I ſwam with the tide, and the water under me was buoyant. The reader will eaſily obſerve that I was tranſported by the multitude and variety of my ſimilitudes, which are generally the product of a luxuriant fancy, and the wantonneſs of wit. Had I called in my judgment to my aſſiſtance, I had certainly retrenched many of them. But I defend them not; let them paſs for beautiful faults amongſt the better

ſort of critics; for the whole Poem, though written in that which they call Heroic verſe, is of the Pindaric nature, as well in the thought as the expreſſion; and, as ſuch, requires the ſame grains of allowance for it. It was intended, as your Lordſhip ſees in the title, not for an elegy, but a panegyric: a kind of apotheoſis, indeed, if a Heathen word may be applied to a Chriſtian uſe. And, on all occaſions of praiſe, if we take the Ancients for our patterns, we are bound, by preſcription, to employ the magnificence of words, and the force of figures, to adorn the ſublimity of thoughts. Iſocrates amongſt the Grecian orators, and Cicero and the Younger Pliny amongſt the Romans, have left us their precedents for our ſecurity: for I think I need not mention the inimitable Pindar, who ſtretches, on theſe pinions, out of ſight, and is carried upward, as it were, into another world.

This, at leaſt, my Lord, I may juſtly plead, that if I have not performed ſo well as I think I have, yet I have uſed my beſt endeavours to excel myſelf. One diſadvantage I have had, which is, never to have known or ſeen my Lady; and to draw the lineaments of her mind from the deſcription which I have received from others, is for a painter to ſet himſelf at work without the living original before him; which, the more beautiful it is, will be ſo much the more difficult for him to conceive, when he has only

a relation given him of ſuch and ſuch features by an acquaintance or a friend, without the nice touches, which give the beſt reſemblance, and make the graces of the picture. Every artiſt is apt enough to flatter himſelf (and I among the reſt) that his own ocular obſervations would have diſcovered more perfections, at leaſt others, than have been delivered to him; though I have received mine from the beſt hands, that is, from perſons who neither want a juſt underſtanding of my Lady's worth, nor a due veneration for her memory.

Doctor Donne, the greateſt wit, though not the greateſt poet, of our nation, acknowledges that he had never ſeen Mrs. Drury, whom he has made immortal in his admirable Anniverſaries. I have had the ſame fortune, though I have not ſucceeded to the ſame genius. However, I have followed his footſteps in the deſign of his panegyric, which was to raiſe an emulation in the living to copy out the example of the dead: and therefore it was that I once intended to have called this Poem *The Pattern;* and though, on a ſecond conſideration, I changed the title into the name of the illuſtrious perſon, yet the deſign continues, and Eleonora is ſtill the pattern of charity, devotion, and humility; of the beſt wife, the beſt mother, and the beſt of friends.

And now, my Lord, though I have endeavoured to anſwer your commands, yet I could not anſwer it

to the world, nor to my confcience, if I gave not your Lordfhip my teftimony of being the beft hufband now living: I fay my teftimony only; for the praife of it is given you by yourfelf They who defpife the rules of virtue, both in their practice and their morals, will think this a very trivial commendation. But I think it the peculiar happinefs of the Countefs of Abingdon to have been fo truly loved by you while fhe was living, and fo gratefully honoured after fhe was dead. Few there are who have either had, or could have, fuch a lofs; and yet fewer who carried their love and conftancy beyond the grave. The exteriors of mourning, a decent funeral, and black habits, are the ufual ftints of common hufbands; and perhaps their wives deferve no better than to be mourned with hypocrify, and forgot with eafe. But you have diftinguifhed yourfelf from ordinary lovers by a real and lafting grief for the deceafed; and by endeavouring to raife for her the moft durable monument, which is that of verfe. And fo it would have proved, if the workman had been equal to the work, and your choice of the artificer as happy as your defign. Yet as Phidias, when he had made the ftatue of Minerva, could not forbear to engrave his own name as author of the piece; fo give me leave to hope that, by fubfcribing mine to this Poem, I may live by the goddefs, and tranfmit my name to pofterity by the memory of her's. It is no flattery to

aſſure your Lordſhip that ſhe is remembered, in the preſent age, by all who have had the honour of her converſation and acquaintance; and that I have never been in any company, ſince the news of her death was firſt brought me, where they have not extolled her virtues, and even ſpoken the ſame things of her in proſe which I have done in verſe.

I therefore think myſelf obliged to thank your Lordſhip for the commiſſion which you have given me: how I have acquitted myſelf of it muſt be left to the opinion of the world, in ſpite of any proteſtation which I can enter againſt the preſent age as incompetent or corrupt judges. For my comfort they are but Engliſhmen, and, as ſuch, if they think ill of me to-day, they are inconſtant enough to think well of me to-morrow. And, after all, I have not much to thank my fortune that I was born amongſt them. The good of both ſexes are ſo few in England, that they ſtand like exceptions againſt general rules; and though one of them has deſerved a greater commendation than I could give her, they have taken care that I ſhould not tire my pen with frequent exerciſe on the like ſubjects; that praiſes, like taxes, ſhould be appropriated, and left almoſt as individual as the perſon. They ſay my talent is ſatire: if it be ſo, it is a fruitful age, and there is an extraordinary crop to gather: but a ſingle hand is inſufficient for ſuch a harveſt. They have ſown the dragon's teeth them-

ſelves, and it is but juſt they ſhould reap each other in lampoons. You, my Lord, who have the character of honour, though it is not my happineſs to know you, may ſtand aſide, with the ſmall remainders of the Engliſh nobility, truly ſuch, and, unhurt your ſelves, behold the mad combat. If I have pleaſed you, and ſome few others, I have obtained my end. You ſee I have diſabled myſelf, like an elected Speaker of the Houſe: yet, like him, I have undertaken the charge, and find the burden ſufficiently recompenſed by the honour. Be pleaſed to accept of theſe my unworthy labours, this paper-monument; and let her pious memory, which I am ſure is ſacred to you, not only plead the pardon of my many faults, but gain me your protection, which is ambitiouſly ſought by,

MY LORD,

Your Lordſhip's

moſt obedient ſervant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

III.

ELEONORA:

A PANEGYRICAL POEM.

Dedicated to the memory of the late Counteſs of ABINGDON.

As when ſome great and gracious monarch dies,
Soft whiſpers firſt and mournful murmurs riſe
Among the ſad attendants; then the ſound
Soon gathers voice, and ſpreads the news around,
Thro' town and country, till the dreadful blaſt
Is blown to diſtant colonies at laſt,
Who, then, perhaps, were off'ring vows in vain
For his long life, and for his happy reign;
So ſlowly, by degrees, unwilling Fame
Did matchleſs Eleonora's fate proclaim,
Till public as the loſs the news became.
  The nation felt it in th' extremeſt parts,
With eyes o'erflowing and with bleeding hearts;
But moſt the poor, whom daily ſhe ſupply'd,
Beginning to be ſuch but when ſhe dy'd:
For while ſhe liv'd they ſlept in peace by night,
Secure of bread as of returning light;
And with ſuch firm dependence on the day,
That Need grew pamper'd, and forgot to pray:
So ſure the dole, ſo ready at their call,
They ſtood prepar'd to ſee the manna fall.

Such multitudes ſhe fed, ſhe cloth'd, ſhe nurſt,
That ſhe, herſelf, might fear her wanting firſt.
Of her five talents other five ſhe made;
Heav'n, that had largely giv'n, was largely paid:
And in few lives, in wondrous few, we find
A fortune better fitted to the mind.
Nor did her alms from oſtentation fall,
Or proud deſire of praiſe; the ſoul gave all:
Unbrib'd it gave; or, if a bribe appear,
No leſs than heav'n, to heap huge treaſures there.
Want paſs'd for merit at her open door;
Heav'n ſaw he ſafely might increaſe his poor,
And truſt their ſuſtenance with her ſo well,
As not to be at charge of miracle.
None could be needy whom ſhe ſaw or knew;
All in the compaſs of her ſphere ſhe drew:
He who could touch her garment was as ſure
As the firſt Chriſtians of th'Apoſtles' cure.
The diſtant heard, by fame, her pious deeds,
And laid her up for their extremeſt needs,
A future cordial for a fainting mind;
For what was ne'er refus'd all hop'd to find
Each in his turn. The rich might freely come,
As to a friend; but to the poor 'twas home.
As to ſome holy houſe th' afflicted came,
The hunger-ſtarv'd, the naked, and the lame,
Want and diſeaſes fled before her name.

For zeal like her's her ſervants were too ſlow;
She was the firſt, where need requir'd, to go;
Herſelf the foundreſs and attendant too.
  Sure ſhe had gueſts ſometimes to entertain,
Gueſts in diſguiſe, of her great Maſter's train:
Her Lord himſelf might come, for aught we know,
Since in a ſervant's form he liv'd below:
Beneath her roof he might be pleas'd to ſtay;
Or ſome benighted angel, in his way,
Might eaſe his wings, and, ſeeing heav'n appear
In its beſt work of mercy, think it there,
Where all the deeds of charity and love
Were in as conſtant method as above,
All carried on; all of a piece with theirs;
As free her alms, as diligent her cares;
As loud her praiſes, and as warm her pray'rs.
  Yet was ſhe not profuſe, but fear'd to waſte,
And wiſely manag'd, that the ſtock might laſt;
That all might be ſupply'd, and ſhe not grieve,
When crowds appear'd, ſhe had not to relieve:
Which to prevent, ſhe ſtill increas'd her ſtore;
Laid up, and ſpar'd, that ſhe might give the more.
So Pharaoh, or ſome greater king than he,
Provided for the ſeventh neceſſity;
Taught from above his magazines to frame,
That famine was prevented ere it came.
Thus Heav'n, tho' all-ſufficient, ſhews a thrift
In his economy, and bounds his gift;

Creating for our day one ſingle light,
And his reflection, too, ſupplies the night.
Perhaps a thouſand other worlds, that lie
Remote from us, and latent in the ſky,
Are lighten'd by his beams, and kindly nurſt,
Of which our earthly dunghill is the worſt.
  Now as all virtues keep the middle line,
Yet ſomewhat more to one extreme incline,
Such was her ſoul, abhorring avarice;
Bounteous, but almoſt bounteous to a vice:
Had ſhe giv'n more it had profuſion been,
And turn'd th' exceſs of goodneſs into ſin.
  Theſe virtues rais'd her fabric to the ſky,
For that which is next Heav'n is charity.
But as high turrets for their airy ſteep
Require foundations in proportion deep;
And lofty cedars as far upwards ſhoot
As to the nether heavens they drive the root;
So low did her ſecure foundation lie,
She was not humble, but humility.
Scarcely ſhe knew that ſhe was great or fair,
Or wiſe beyond what other women are,
Or, which is better, knew, but never durſt compare:
For to be conſcious of what all admire,
And not be vain, advances virtue higher.
But ſtill ſhe found, or rather thought ſhe found,
Her own worth wanting, others' to abound;

Afcrib'd above their due to ev'ry one,
Unjuft and fcanty to herfelf alone.
Such her devotion was as might give rules
Of fpeculation to difputing fchools,
And teach us equally the fcales to hold
Betwixt the two extremes of hot and cold,
That pious heat may mod'rately prevail,
And we be warm'd, but not be fcorch'd, with zeal.
Bus'nefs might fhorten, not difturb, her pray'r;
Heav'n had the beft, if not the greater fhare.
An active life long oraifons forbids;
Yet ftill fhe pray'd, for ftill fhe pray'd by deeds.
Her ev'ry day was Sabbath; only free
From hours of pray'r for hours of charity.
Such as the Jews from fervile toil releaft,
Where works of mercy were a part of reft;
Such as blefs'd angels exercife above,
Vary'd with facred hymns and acts of love:
Such Sabbaths as that one fhe now enjoys
E'en that perpetual one, which fhe employs,
(For fuch viciffitudes in heav'n there are)
In praife alternate, and alternate pray'r.
All this fhe practis'd here, that when fhe fprung
Amidft the choirs, at the firft fight fhe fung:
Sung, and was fung herfelf in angels' lays;
For praifing her they did her Maker praife.
All offices of heav'n fo well fhe knew
Before fhe came, that nothing there was new;

And ſhe was ſo familiarly receiv'd,
As one returning, not as one arriv'd.
Muſe! down again precipitate thy flight,
For how can mortal eyes ſuſtain immortal light?
But as the ſun in water we can bear,
Yet not the ſun, but his reflection, there,
So let us view her, here, in what ſhe was,
And take her image in this wat'ry glaſs.
Yet look not ev'ry lineament to ſee;
Some will be caſt in ſhades, and ſome will be
So lamely drawn, you'll ſcarcely know 'tis ſhe:
For where ſuch various virtues we recite,
'Tis like the Milkyway, all over bright,
But ſown ſo thick with ſtars, 'tis undiſtinguiſh'd light.
Her virtue, not her virtues, let us call,
For one heroic comprehends 'em all:
One, as a conſtellation is but one,
Tho' 'tis a train of ſtars that, rolling on,
Riſe in their turn, and in the Zodiac run,
Ever in motion; now 'tis faith aſcends,
Now hope, now charity, that upward tends,
And downwards with diffuſive good deſcends.
As in perfumes, compos'd with art and coſt,
'Tis hard to ſay what ſcent is uppermoſt;
Nor this part muſk or civet can we call,
Or amber, but a rich reſult of all;
So ſhe was all a ſweet, whoſe ev'ry part,
In due proportion mix'd, proclaim the Maker's art.

No ſingle virtue we could moſt commend,
Whither the wife, the mother, or the friend;
For ſhe was all, in that ſupreme degree,
That as no one prevail'd, ſo all was ſhe.
The ſev'ral parts lay hidden in the piece;
Th' occaſion but exerted that or this.
  A wife as tender, and as true withal,
As the firſt woman was before her fall;
Made for the man of whom ſhe was a part,
Made to attract his eyes and keep his heart.
A ſecond Eve, but by no crime accurſt;
As beauteous, not as brittle, as the firſt.
Had ſhe been firſt, ſtill Paradiſe had been,
And Death had found no entrance by her ſin.
So ſhe not only had preſerv'd from ill
Her ſex and our's, but liv'd their pattern ſtill.
  Love and obedience to her lord ſhe bore;
She much obey'd him, but ſhe lov'd him more:
Not aw'd to duty by ſuperior ſway,
But taught by his indulgence to obey.
Thus we love God as author of our good;
So ſubjects love juſt kings, or ſo they ſhould.
Nor was it with ingratitude return'd;
In equal fires the bliſsful couple burn'd;
One joy poſſeſs'd 'em both, and in one grief they mourn'd.
His paſſion ſtill improv'd; he lov'd ſo faſt,
As if he fear'd each day would be her laſt.

Too true a prophet to foreſee the fate
That ſhould ſo ſoon divide their happy ſtate,
When he to Heav'n entirely muſt reſtore
That love, that heart, where he went halves before.
Yet as the ſoul is all in ev'ry part,
So God and he might each have all her heart.
So had her children too; for Charity
Was not more fruitful or more kind than ſhe:
Each under other by degrees they grew,
A goodly perſpective of diſtant view.
Anchiſes look'd not with ſo pleas'd a face,
In numb'ring o'er his future Roman race,
And marſhalling the heroes of his name,
As in their order next to light they came;
Nor Cybele, with half ſo kind an eye,
Survey'd her ſons and daughters of the ſky;
Proud, ſhall I ſay, of her immortal fruit,
As far as pride with heav'nly minds may ſuit.
Her pious love excell'd to all ſhe bore;
New objects only multiply'd it more:
And as the Choſen found the pearly grain
As much as ev'ry veſſel could contain;
As in the bliſsful viſion each ſhall ſhare
As much of glory as his ſoul can bear;
So did ſhe love, and ſo diſpenſe her care.
Her eldeſt thus, by conſequence, was beſt,
As longer cultivated than the reſt.

The babe had all that infant-care beguiles,
And early knew his mother in her ſmiles;
But when dilated organs let in day
To the young ſoul, and gave it room to play,
At his firſt aptneſs the maternal love
Thoſe rudiments of reaſon did improve:
The tender age was pliant to command,
Like wax it yielded to the forming hand;
True to th' artificer, the labour'd mind
With eaſe was pious, gen'rous, juſt, and kind;
Soft for impreſſion, from the firſt prepar'd,
Till virtue with long exerciſe grew hard;
With ev'ry act confirm'd, and made at laſt
So durable as not to be effac'd,
It turn'd to habit; and, from vices free,
Goodneſs reſolv'd into neceſſity.
  Thus fix'd ſhe Virtue's image, that's her own,
Till the whole mother in the children ſhone,
For that was their perfection: ſhe was ſuch,
They never could expreſs her mind too much.
So unexhauſted her perfections were,
That for more children ſhe had more to ſpare;
For ſouls unborn, whom her untimely death
Depriv'd of bodies and of mortal breath;
And, could they take th' impreſſions of her mind,
Enough ſtill left to ſanctify her kind.
  Then wonder not to ſee this ſoul extend
The bounds, and ſeek ſome other ſelf, a friend.

As ſwelling ſeas to gentle rivers glide,
To ſeek repoſe, and empty out the tide;
So this full ſoul, in narrow limits pent,
Unable to contain her, ſought a vent
To iſſue out, and in ſome friendly breaſt
Diſcharge her treaſures, and ſecurely reſt;
T' unboſom all the ſecrets of her heart,
Take good advice, but better to impart:
For 'tis the bliſs of friendſhip's holy ſtate
To mix their minds, and to communicate;
Tho' bodies cannot, ſouls can penetrate:
Fix'd to her choice, inviolably true,
And wiſely chuſing, for ſhe choſe but few.
Some ſhe muſt have, but in no one could find
A tally fitted for ſo large a mind.
The ſouls of friends like kings in progreſs are;
Still in their own, tho' from the palace far:
Thus her friend's heart her country-dwelling was,
A ſweet retirement to a coarſer place,
Where pomp and ceremonies enter'd not,
Where greatneſs was ſhut out, and bus'neſs well forgot.
This is th' imperfect draught; but ſhort as far
As the true height and bigneſs of a ſtar
Exceeds the meaſures of th' aſtronomer.
She ſhines above, we know; but in what place,
How near the throne, and Heav'n's imperial face,
By our weak optics is but vainly gueſt;
Diſtance and altitude conceal the reſt.

Tho' all theſe rare endowments of the mind
Were in a narrow ſpace of life confin'd,
The figure was with full perfection crown'd,
Tho' not ſo large an orb, as truly round.
As when in glory thro' the public place
The ſpoils of conquer'd nations were to paſs,
And but one day for triumph was allow'd,
The Conſul was conſtrain'd his pomp to crowd,
And ſo the ſwift proceſſion hurry'd on,
That all, tho' not diſtinctly, might be ſhown;
So in the ſtraiten'd bounds of life confin'd,
She gave but glimpſes of her glorious mind;
And multitudes of virtues paſs'd along,
Each preſſing foremoſt in the mighty throng,
Ambitious to be ſeen, and then make room
For greater multitudes that were to come.
Yet unemploy'd no minute ſlipt away;
Moments were precious in ſo ſhort a ſtay.
The haſte of Heav'n to have her was ſo great,
That ſome were ſingle acts, tho' each complete,
But ev'ry act ſtood ready to repeat.
Her fellow-ſaints with buſy care will look
For her bleſs'd name in Fate's eternal book,
And, pleas'd to be outdone, with joy will ſee
Numberleſs virtues, endleſs charity;
But more will wonder, at ſo ſhort an age,
To find a blank beyond the thirtieth page,

And, with a pious fear, begin to doubt
The piece imperfeﬅ, and the reſt torn out:
But 'twas her Saviour's time; and could there be
A copy near th' original 'twas ſhe.
  As precious gums are not for laſting fire,
They but perfume the temple and expire;
So was ſhe ſoon exhal'd, and vaniſh'd hence,
A ſhort ſweet odour of a vaſt expenſe.
She vaniſh'd, we can ſcarcely ſay ſhe dy'd;
For but a Now did heav'n and earth divide:
She paſs'd ſerenely with a ſingle breath;
This moment perfeﬅ health, the next was death:
One ſigh did her eternal bliſs aſſure;
So little penance needs when ſouls are almoſt pure.
As gentle dreams our waking thoughts purſue,
Or, one dream paſs'd, we ſlide into a new;
So cloſe they follow, ſuch wild order keep,
We think ourſelves awake, and are aſleep;
So ſoftly death ſucceeded life in her,
She did but dream of heav'n and ſhe was there.
  No pains ſhe ſuffer'd, nor expir'd with noiſe,
Her ſoul was whiſper'd out with God's ſtill voice.
As an old friend is beckon'd to a feaſt,
And treated like a long-familiar gueſt,
He took her as he found, but found her ſo,
As one in hourly readineſs to go:
E'en on that day, in all her trim prepar'd,
As early notice ſhe from heav'n had heard,

And ſome deſcending courier from above
Had giv'n her timely warning to remove,
Or counſell'd her to dreſs the nuptial room,
For on that night the Bridegroom was to come.
He kept his hour, and found her, where ſhe lay,
Cloth'd all in white, the liv'ry of the day.
Scarce had ſhe ſinn'd in thought, or word, or act,
Unleſs omiſſions were to paſs for fact,
That hardly Death a conſequence could draw,
To make her liable to Nature's law.
And that ſhe dy'd we only have to ſhow
The mortal part of her ſhe left below:
The reſt, ſo ſmooth, ſo ſuddenly, ſhe went,
Look'd like tranſlation thro' the firmament,
Or like the fiery car on the third errand ſent.
O happy Soul! if thou canſt view from high,
Where thou art all intelligence, all eye,
If looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find'ſt that any way be pervious,
Survey the ruins of thy houſe, and ſee
Thy widow'd and thy orphan family;
Look on thy tender pledges left behind,
And, if thou canſt a vacant minute find
From heav'nly joys, that interval afford
To thy ſad children, and thy mourning Lord;
See how they grieve, miſtaken in their love,
And ſhed a beam of comfort from above;

Give 'em, as much as mortal eyes can bear,
A tranſient view of thy full glories there,
That they with mod'rate ſorrow may ſuſtain
And mollify their loſſes in thy gain;
Or elſe divide the grief; for ſuch thou wert,
That ſhould not all relations bear a part,
It were enough to break a ſingle heart.
Let this ſuffice; nor thou, great Saint! refuſe
This humble tribute of no vulgar Muſe,
Who not by cares, or wants, or age depreſt,
Stems a wild deluge with a dauntleſs breaſt,
And dares to ſing thy praiſes in a clime
Where vice triumphs, and virtue is a crime;
Where e'en to draw the picture of thy mind
Is ſatire on the moſt of human-kind:
Take it while yet 'tis praiſe; before my rage,
Unſafely juſt, break looſe on this bad age;
So bad, that thou thyſelf hadſt no defence
From vice, but barely by departing hence.
Be what, and where thou art: to wiſh thy place
Were, in the beſt, preſumption, more than grace.
Thy relics (ſuch thy works of mercy are)
Have, in this Poem, been my holy care.
As earth thy body keeps, thy ſoul the ſky,
So ſhall this verſe preſerve thy memory,
For thou ſhalt make it live, becauſe it ſings of thee.

IV.

Upon the DEATH *of the Earl of* DUNDEE.

OH laſt and beſt of Scots! who didſt maintain
Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign.
New people fill the land, now thou art gone,
New gods the temples, and new kings the throne.
Scotland and thee did each in other live;
Nor wouldſt thou her, nor could ſhe thee, ſurvive.
Farewell! who dying didſt ſupport the ſtate,
And couldſt not fall but with thy country's fate.

V.

On the DEATH *of* AMYNTAS. *A paſtoral elegy.*

'TWAS on a joyleſs and a gloomy morn,
Wet was the graſs, and hung with pearls the thorn,
When Damon, who deſign'd to paſs the day
With hounds and horns, and chaſe the flying prey,
Roſe early from his bed; but ſoon he found
The welkin pitch'd with ſullen clouds around,
An eaſtern wind, and dew upon the ground.
Thus while he ſtood, and, ſighing, did ſurvey
The fields, and curs'd th' ill omens of the day,
He ſaw Menalcas come with heavy pace,
Wet were his eyes, and cheerleſs was his face;
He wrung his hands, diſtracted with his care,
And ſent his voice before him from afar:

Return, he cry'd, return, unhappy Swain!
The ſpungy clouds are fill'd with gath'ring rain;
The promiſe of the day not only croſt,
But e'en the ſpring, the ſpring itſelf, is loſt.
Amyntas—Oh!—He could not ſpeak the reſt,
Nor needed, for preſaging Damon gueſt.
Equal with Heav'n young Damon lov'd the boy,
The boaſt of Nature, both his parents' joy.
His graceful form revolving in his mind,
So great a genius, and a ſoul ſo kind,
Gave ſad aſſurance that his fears were true;
Too well the envy of the gods he knew;
For when their gifts too laviſhly are plac'd,
Soon they repent, and will not make them laſt:
For ſure it was too bountiful a dole,
The mother's features and the father's ſoul.
Then thus he cry'd: The Morn beſpoke the news;
The Morning did her cheerful light diffuſe;
But ſee how ſuddenly ſhe chang'd her face,
And brought on clouds and rain, the day's diſgrace;
Juſt ſuch, Amyntas! was thy promis'd race.
What charms adorn'd thy youth, where Nature ſmil'd,
And more than man was giv'n us in a child!
His infancy was ripe; a ſoul ſublime
In years ſo tender that prevented time:
Heav'n gave him all at once; then ſnatch'd away,
Ere mortals all his beauties could ſurvey;
Juſt like the flow'r that buds and withers in a day.

MEN. The mother, lovely, tho' with grief oppreſt,
Reclin'd his dying head upon her breaſt:
The mournful family ſtood all around;
One groan was heard, one univerſal ſound,
All were in floods of tears and endleſs ſorrow drown'd.
So dire a ſadneſs ſat on ev'ry look,
E'en Death repented he had giv'n the ſtroke;
He griev'd his fatal work had been ordain'd,
But promis'd length of life to thoſe who yet remain'd.
The mother's and her eldeſt daughter's grace,
It ſeems, had brib'd him to prolong their ſpace.
The father bore it with undaunted ſoul,
Like one who durſt his deſtiny control;
Yet with becoming grief he bore his part,
Reſign'd his ſon, but not reſign'd his heart:
Patient as Job; and may he live to ſee,
Like him, a new increaſing family!
DAM. Such is my wiſh, and ſuch my propheſy.
For yet, my friend, the beauteous mould remains;
Long may ſhe exerciſe her fruitful pains!
But, ah! with better hap, and bring a race
More laſting, and endu'd with equal grace!
Equal ſhe may, but farther none can go;
For he was all that was exact below.
MEN. Damon, behold yon' breaking purple cloud;
Hear'ſt thou not hymns and ſongs divinely loud?
There mounts Amyntas; the young cherubs play
About their godlike mate, and ſing him on his way:

He cleaves the liquid air, behold he flies,
And ev'ry moment gains upon the ſkies.
The new-come gueſt admires th' ethereal ſtate,
The ſapphire portal, and the golden gate;
And now admitted in the ſhining throng,
He ſhows the paſſport which he brought along:
His paſſport is his innocence and grace,
Well known to all the natives of the place.
Now ſing, ye joyful Angels! and admire
Your brother's voice that comes to mend your quire:
Sing you, while endleſs tears our eyes beſtow,
For like Amyntas none is left below.

VI.

On the DEATH *of a very young* GENTLEMAN.

HE who could view the book of Deſtiny,
And read whatever there was writ of thee,
O charming Youth! in the firſt op'ning page,
So many graces in ſo green an age,
Such wit, ſuch modeſty, ſuch ſtrength of mind,
A ſoul at once ſo manly and ſo kind,
Would wonder, when he turn'd the volume o'er,
And after ſome few leaves ſhould find no more,
Nought but a blank remain, a dead void ſpace,
A ſtep of life that promis'd ſuch a race.
We muſt not, dare not, think that Heav'n began
A child, and could not finiſh him a man,
Reflecting what a mighty ſtore was laid
Of rich materials, and a model made;

The coſt already furniſh'd, ſo beſtow'd,
As more was never to one ſoul allow'd;
Yet after this profuſion, ſpent in vain,
Nothing but mould'ring aſhes to remain!
I gueſs not, leſt I ſplit upon the ſhelf,
Yet durſt I gueſs Heav'n kept it for himſelf,
And giving us the uſe, did ſoon recall,
Ere we could ſpare, the mighty principal.
  Thus then he diſappear'd, was rarify'd;
For 'tis improper ſpeech to ſay he dy'd:
He was exhal'd, his great Creator drew
His ſpirit, as the ſun the morning dew.
'Tis ſin produces death; and he had none
But the taint Adam left on ev'ry ſon.
He added not, he was ſo pure, ſo good,
'Twas but th' orig'nal forfeit of his blood,
And that ſo little, that the river ran
More clear than the corrupted fount began.
Nothing remain'd of the firſt muddy clay,
The length of courſe had waſh'd it in the way;
So deep, and yet ſo clear, we might behold
The gravel bottom, and that bottom gold.
  As ſuch we lov'd, admir'd, almoſt ador'd,
Gave all the tribute mortals could afford:
Perhaps we gave ſo much, the Pow'rs above
Grew angry at our ſuperſtitious love;
For when we more than human homage pay,
The charming cauſe is juſtly ſnatch'd away.

Thus was the crime not his, but our's alone,
And yet we murmur that he went ſo ſoon,
Tho' miracles are ſhort, and rarely ſhown.
Hear then, ye mournful Parents ! and divide
That love in many which in one was ty'd.
That individual bleſſing is no more,
But multiply'd in your remaining ſtore.
The flame's diſpers'd, but does not all expire;
The ſparkles blaze, tho' not the globe of fire.
Love him by parts in all your num'rous race,
And from thoſe parts form one collected grace;
Then, when you have refin'd to that degree,
Imagine all in one, and think that one is he.

VII.

Upon Young Maſter ROGERS *of Glouceſterſhire.*

Of gentle blood, his parents' only treaſure,
Their laſting ſorrow, and their vaniſh'd pleaſure;
Adorn'd with features, virtues, wit, and grace,
A large proviſion for ſo ſhort a race;
More mod'rate gifts might have prolong'd his date,
Too early fitted for a better ſtate;
But, knowing heav'n his home, to ſhun delay,
He leap'd o'er age, and took the ſhorteſt way.

VIII.

On the DEATH *of Mr.* PURCELL. *Set to muſic by Dr.* BLOW.

I.

Mark how the lark and linnet ſing;
With rival notes

They ſtrain their warbling throats
To welcome in the ſpring.
But in the cloſe of night,
When Philomel begins her heav'nly lay,
They ceaſe their mutual ſpite,
Drink in her muſic with delight,
And liſt'ning, ſilently obey.

II.

So ceas'd the rival crew when Purcell came;
They ſung no more, or only ſung his fame:
Struck dumb, they all admir'd the godlike man;
The godlike man,
Alas! too ſoon retir'd,
As he too late began.
We beg not Hell our Orpheus to reſtore:
Had he been there,
Their ſov'reign's fear
Had ſent him back before.
The pow'r of harmony too well they knew;
He long ere this had tun'd their jarring ſphere,
And left no hell below.

III.

The heav'nly choir, who heard his notes from high,
Let down the ſcale of muſic from the ſky;
They handed him along,
And all the way he taught, and all the way they ſung.
Ye brethren of the lyre and tuneful voice!
Lament his lot, but at your own rejoice:

Now live secure, and linger out your days;
The gods are pleas'd alone with Purcell's lays,
Nor know to mend their choice.

IX.

EPITAPH *on the Lady* WHITMORE.

FAIR, kind, and true, a treasure each, alone,
A wife, a mistress, and a friend, in one,
Rest in this tomb, rais'd at thy husband's cost,
Here sadly summing what he had and lost.
Come, Virgins! ere in equal bands ye join,
Come first and offer at her sacred shrine;
Pray but for half the virtues of this wife,
Compound for all the rest with longer life,
And wish your vows, like her's, may be return'd,
So lov'd when living, and when dead so mourn'd.

X.

EPITAPH *on Sir* PALMES FAIRBONE'S *tomb in Westminster-Abbey.*

Sacred to the immortal memory of Sir PALMES FAIRBONE, *Knight, Governor of Tangier; in execution of which command he was mortally wounded by a shot from the Moors, then besieging the town, in the forty-sixth year of his age, October* 24, 1680.

YE sacred Relics! which your marble keep,
Here, undisturb'd by wars, in quiet sleep;

Difcharge the truft which, when it was below,
Fairbone's undaunted foul did undergo,
And be the town's Palladium from the foe.
Alive and dead thefe walls he will defend:
Great actions great examples muft attend.
The Candian fiege his early valour knew,
Where Turkifh blood did his young hands imbrue:
From thence returning with deferv'd applaufe,
Againft the Moors his well-flefh'd fword he draws;
The fame the courage, and the fame the caufe.
His youth and age, his life and death, combine,
As in fome great and regular defign,
All of a piece throughout, and all divine.
Still nearer heav'n his virtues fhone more bright,
Like rifing flames, expanding in their height;
The martyr's glory crown'd the foldier's fight.
More bravely Britifh general never fell,
Nor general's death was e'er reveng'd fo well;
Which his pleas'd eyes beheld before their clofe,
Follow'd by thoufand victims of his foes.
To his lamented lofs for time to come
His pious widow confecrates this tomb.

XI.

Under Mr. MILTON'S *picture, before his* PARADISE LOST.

THREE poets, in three diftant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England, did adorn.

The firſt in loftineſs of thought ſurpaſt;
The next in majeſty; in both the laſt.
The force of Nature could no further go;
To make a third ſhe join'd the former two.

XII.

On the monument of a fair maiden Lady, who died at Bath, and is there interred.

Below this marble monument is laid
All that Heav'n wants of this celeſtial maid;
Preſerve, O ſacred Tomb! thy truſt conſign'd;
The mould was made on purpoſe for the mind,
And ſhe would loſe if, at the latter day,
One atom could be mix'd of other clay.
Such were the features of her heav'nly face,
Her limbs were form'd with ſuch harmonious grace,
So faultleſs was the frame, as if the whole
Had been an emanation of the ſoul,
Which her own inward ſymmetry reveal'd,
And like a picture ſhone, in glaſs anneal'd,
Or like the ſun eclips'd, with ſhaded light,
Too piercing, elſe, to be ſuſtain'd by ſight;
Each thought was viſible that roll'd within,
As thro' a cryſtal caſe the figur'd hours are ſeen;
And Heav'n did this tranſparent veil provide,
Becauſe ſhe had no guilty thought to hide.

All white, a virgin-ſaint, ſhe ſought the ſkies;
For marriage, tho' it ſullies not, it dies.
High tho' her wit, yet humble was her mind,
As if ſhe could not, or ſhe would not, find
How much her worth tranſcended all her kind.
Yet ſhe had learn'd ſo much of heav'n below,
That when arriv'd ſhe ſcarce had more to know,
But only to refreſh the former hint,
And read her Maker in a fairer print.
So pious, as ſhe had no time to ſpare
For human thoughts, but was confin'd to pray'r.
Yet in ſuch charities ſhe paſs'd the day,
'Twas wondrous how ſhe found an hour to pray.
A ſoul ſo calm, it knew not ebbs or flows,
Which paſſion could but curl, not diſcompoſe.
A female ſoftneſs, with a manly mind;
A daughter duteous, and a ſiſter kind;
In ſickneſs patient, and in death reſign'd.

XIII.

EPITAPH *on Mrs.* MARGARET PASTON, *of Barningham in Norfolk.*

So fair, ſo young, ſo innocent, ſo ſweet,
So ripe a judgment, and ſo rare a wit,
Require at leaſt an age in one to meet.
In her they met; but long they could not ſtay,
'Twas gold too fine to mix without allay.

Heav'n's image was in her ſo well expreſt,
Her very ſight upbraided all the reſt;
Too juſtly raviſh'd from an age like this,
Now ſhe is gone, the world is of a piece.

XIV.

On the monument of the Marquis of WINCHESTER.

He who in impious times undaunted ſtood,
And 'midſt rebellion durſt be juſt and good,
Whoſe arms aſſerted, and whoſe ſuff'rings more
Confirm'd the cauſe for which he fought before,
Reſts here, rewarded by an heav'nly prince,
For what his earthly could not recompenſe.
Pray, Reader! that ſuch times no more appear;
Or, if they happen, learn true honour here.
Aſk of this age's faith and loyalty,
Which, to preſerve them, Heav'n confin'd in thee;
Few ſubjects could a king like thine deſerve,
And fewer ſuch a king ſo well could ſerve.
Bleſs'd king! bleſs'd ſubject! whoſe exalted ſtate
By ſuff'rings roſe, and gave the law to Fate.
Such ſouls are rare, but mighty patterns giv'n
To earth, and meant for ornaments to heav'n.

ODES*.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE III.

Inſcribed to the Earl of ROSCOMMON, *on his intended voyage to Ireland.*

So may th' auſpicious Queen of Love,
And the Twin Stars, the ſeed of Jove,
And he who rules the raging wind,
To thee, O ſacred Ship! be kind,
And gentle breezes fill thy ſails,
Supplying ſoft Eteſian gales,
As thou, to whom the Muſe commends
The beſt of poets and of friends,
Doſt thy committed pledge reſtore,
And land him ſafely on the ſhore,
And ſave the better part of me
From periſhing with him at ſea.
Sure he, who firſt the paſſage try'd,
In harden'd oak his heart did hide,
And ribs of iron arm'd his ſide;
Or his at leaſt, in hollow wood
Who tempted firſt the briny flood;

* The Tranſlations which follow are foreign to the purpoſe of this Publication, which is confined ſolely to the *Original Poems* of Mr. Dryden; but having a few ſpare pages towards the cloſe of this volume, it is hoped the Reader will not be diſpleaſed to find theſe occupied by any thing from the hand of this inimitable writer.

Nor fear'd the wind's contending roar,
Nor billows beating on the ſhore;
Nor Hyades portending rain,
Nor all the tyrants of the main.
What form of Death could him affright,
Who, unconcern'd, with ſtedfaſt ſight,
Could view the ſurges mounting ſteep,
And monſters rolling in the deep!
Could thro' the ranks of ruin go,
With ſtorms above and rocks below!
In vain did Nature's wiſe command
Divide the waters from the land,
If daring ſhips, and men profane,
Invade th' inviolable main,
Th' eternal fences overleap,
And paſs at will the boundleſs deep.
No toil, no hardſhip, can reſtrain
Ambitious man inur'd to pain;
The more confin'd the more he tries,
And at forbidden quarry flies.
Thus bold Prometheus did aſpire,
And ſtole from heav'n the ſeeds of fire;
A train of ills, a ghaſtly crew,
The robber's blazing track purſue;
Fierce Famine, with her meagre face,
And fevers of the fiery race,
In ſwarms th' offending wretch ſurround,
All brooding on the blaſted ground;

And limping Death, lash'd on by Fate,
Comes up to shorten half our date.
This made not Dedalus beware,
With borrow'd wings, to sail in air:
To hell Alcides forc'd his way,
Plung'd thro' the lake, and snatch'd the prey.
Nay, scarce the gods or heav'nly climes
Are safe from our audacious crimes;
We reach at Jove's imperial crown,
And pull th' unwilling thunder down.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE IX.

I.

Behold yon' mountain's hoary height
Made higher with new mounts of snow;
Again behold the winter's weight
Oppress the lab'ring woods below;
And streams, with icy fetters bound,
Benumb'd and crampt to solid ground.

II.

With well-heap'd logs dissolve the cold,
And feed the genial hearth with fires;
Produce the wine that makes us bold,
And sprightly wit and love inspires;
For what hereafter shall betide,
God, if 'tis worth his care, provide.

III.

Let him alone, with what he made,
To toss and turn the world below;

At his command the ſtorms invade,
The winds by his commiſſion blow,
Till with a nod he bids 'em ceaſe,
And then the calm returns, and all is peace.

IV.

To-morrow and her works defy;
Lay hold upon the preſent hour,
And ſnatch the pleaſures paſſing by,
To put them out of Fortune's pow'r:
Nor love, nor love's delights, diſdain;
Whate'er thou gett'ſt to-day is gain.

V.

Secure thoſe golden early joys
That youth, unſour'd with ſorrow, bears,
Ere with'ring Time the taſte deſtroys
With ſickneſs and unwieldy years.
For active ſports, for pleaſing reſt,
This is the time to be poſſeſt;
The beſt is but in ſeaſon beſt.

VI.

Th' appointed hour of promis'd bliſs,
The pleaſing whiſper in the dark,
The half unwilling willing kiſs,
The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
When the kind nymph would coyneſs feign,
And hides but to be found again;
Theſe, theſe are joys the gods for youth ordain.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XXIX.

Paraphrased in Pindaric verse, and inscribed to the Right Hon. LAURENCE *Earl of* ROCHESTER.

I.

DESCENDED of an ancient line,
That long the Tuscan sceptre sway'd,
Make haste to meet the gen'rous wine,
Whose piercing is for thee delay'd:
The rosy wreath is ready made,
And artful hands prepare
The fragrant Syrian oil that shall perfume thy hair.

II.

When the wine sparkles from afar,
And the well-natur'd friend cries, Come away,
Make haste, and leave thy business and thy care;
No mortal int'rest can be worth thy stay.

III.

Leave, for a while, thy costly country-seat;
And, to be great indeed, forget
The nauseous pleasures of the great:
Make haste, and come:
Come, and forsake thy cloying store,
Thy turret, that surveys, from high,
The smoke, and wealth, and noise, of Rome,
And all the busy pageantry
That wise men scorn and fools adore:
Come, give thy soul a loose, and taste the pleasures of the poor.

IV.

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the rich to try
A ſhort viciſſitude and fit of poverty:
A ſav'ry diſh, a homely treat,
Where all is plain, where all is neat,
Without the ſtately ſpacious room,
The Perſian carpet, or the Tyrian loom,
Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the great.

V.

The ſun is in the Lion mounted high;
The Syrian ſtar
Barks from afar,
And with his ſultry breath infects the ſky;
The ground below is parch'd, the heav'ns above us fry.
The ſhepherd drives his fainting flock
Beneath the covert of a rock,
And ſeeks refreſhing riv'lets nigh:
The Sylvans to their ſhades retire;
Thoſe very ſhades and ſtreams new ſhades and ſtreams require,
And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the raging fire.

VI.

Thou, what befits the new lord may'r,
And what the City factions dare,
And what the Gallic arms will do,
And what the quiver-bearing foe,
Art anxiouſly inquiſitive to know;
But God has, wiſely, hid from human ſight

The dark decrees of future fate,
And ſown their ſeeds in depth of night;
He laughs at all the giddy turns of ſtate,
When mortals ſearch too ſoon, and fear too late.

VII.

Enjoy the preſent ſmiling hour,
And put it out of Fortune's pow'r.
The tide of bus'neſs, like the running ſtream,
Is ſometimes high, and ſometimes low,
A quiet ebb, or a tempeſtuous flow,
And always in extreme.
Now with a noiſeleſs gentle courſe
It keeps within the middle bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the head,
And bears down all before it with impetuous force;
And trunks of trees come rolling down,
Sheep and their folds together drown;
Both houſe and homeſted into ſeas are borne,
And rocks are from their old foundations torn,
And woods, made thin with winds, their ſcatter'd honours mourn.

VIII.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own:
He who, ſecure within, can ſay,
To-morrow do thy worſt, for I have liv'd to-day.
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or ſhine,
The joys I have poſſeſs'd, in ſpite of Fate, are mine.

Not Heav'n itſelf upon the paſt has pow'r;
But what has been has been, and I have had my hour.

IX.

Fortune that, with malicious joy,
Does man, her ſlave, oppreſs,
Proud of her office to deſtroy,
Is ſeldom pleas'd to bleſs;
Still various, and unconſtant ſtill,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in ſtrife,
And makes a lottery of life.
I can enjoy her while ſhe's kind;
But when ſhe dances in the wind,
And ſhakes the wings, and will not ſtay,
I puff the proſtitute away:
The little or the much ſhe gave is quietly reſign'd:
Content with poverty, my ſoul I arm,
And virtue, tho' in rags, will keep me warm.

X.

What is't to me,
Who never ſail in her unfaithful ſea,
If ſtorms ariſe, and clouds grow black,
If the maſt ſplit, and threaten wreck?
Then let the greedy merchant fear
For his ill-gotten gain,
And pray to gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His wealth into the main.

For me, ſecure from Fortune's blows,
Secure of what I cannot loſe,
In my ſmall pinnace I can ſail,
Contemning all the bluſt'ring roar;
And running with a merry gale,
With friendly ſtars my ſafety ſeek
Within ſome little winding creek,
And ſee the ſtorm aſhore.

HORACE, EPODE II.

How happy in his low degree,
How rich in humble poverty, is he
Who leads a quiet country life,
Diſcharg'd of bus'neſs, void of ſtrife,
And from the griping ſcriv'ner free!
Thus, ere the ſeeds of vice were ſown,
Liv'd men in better ages born,
Who plough'd with oxen of their own
Their ſmall paternal field of corn.
Nor trumpets ſummon him to war,
Nor drums diſturb his morning ſleep,
Nor knows he merchants' gainful care,
Nor fears the dangers of the deep.
The clamours of contentious law,
And court and ſtate he wiſely ſhuns;
Nor brib'd with hopes, nor dar'd with awe,
To ſervile ſalutations runs;

But either to the claſping vine
Does the ſupporting poplar wed,
Or with his pruning-hook disjoin
Unbearing branches from their head,
And grafts more happy in their ſtead;
Or, climbing to a hilly ſteep,
He views his herds in vales afar,
Or ſheers his overburden'd ſheep,
Or mead for cooling drink prepares,
Of virgin honey in the jars;
Or in the now declining year,
When bounteous Autumn rears his head,
He joys to pull the ripen'd pear,
And cluſt'ring grapes with purple ſpread.
The faireſt of his fruit he ſerves,
Priapus! thy rewards;
Sylvanus, too, his part deſerves,
Whoſe care the fences guards
Sometimes beneath an ancient oak,
Or on the matted graſs, he lies;
No god of ſleep he need invoke,
The ſtream that o'er the pebbles flies
With gentle ſlumber crowns his eyes.
The wind that whiſtles thro' the ſprays
Maintains the concert of the ſong,
And hidden birds with native lays
The golden ſleep prolong.
But when the blaſt of winter blows,
And hoary froſt inverts the year,

Into the naked woods he goes,
And ſeeks the tuſky boar to rear
With well-mouth'd hounds and pointed ſpear;
Or ſpreads his ſubtle nets from ſight
With twinkling glaſſes, to betray
The larks that in the meſhes light,
Or makes the fearful hare his prey.
Amidſt his harmleſs eaſy joys
No anxious care invades his health,
Nor love his peace of mind deſtroys,
Nor wicked avarice of wealth.
But if a chaſte and pleaſing wife,
To eaſe the bus'neſs of his life,
Divides with him his houſehold care,
Such as the Sabine matrons were,
Such as the ſwift Apulian's bride,
Sun-burnt and ſwarthy tho' ſhe be,
Will fire for winter nights provide,
And, without noiſe, will overſee
His children and his family,
And order all things till he come,
Sweaty, and over-labour'd, home:
If ſhe in pens his flocks will fold,
And then produce her dairy ſtore,
With wine to drive away the cold,
And unbought dainties of the poor;
Not oyſters of the Lucrine lake
My ſober appetite would wiſh,

Nor turbot, or the foreign fiſh
That rolling tempeſts overtake,
And hither waft the coſtly diſh:
Not heathpout, or the rarer birds
Which Phaſis or Ionia yields,
More pleaſing morſels would afford
Than the fat olives of my fields;
Than ſhards or mallows for the pot,
That keep the looſen'd body ſound;
Or than the lamb, that falls by lot
To the juſt guardian of my ground.
Amidſt theſe feaſts of happy ſwains,
The jolly ſhepherd ſmiles to ſee
His flock returning from the plains;
The farmer is as pleas'd as he
To view his oxen ſweating ſmoke,
Bear on their necks the looſen'd yoke,
To look upon his menial crew
That ſit around his cheerful hearth,
And bodies ſpent in toil renew
With wholeſome food and country mirth.
This Morecraft ſaid within himſelf;
Reſolv'd to leave the wicked Town,
And live retir'd upon his own,
He call'd his money in;
But the prevailing love of pelf,
Soon ſplit him on the former ſhelf,
He put it out again.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS,

PARAPHRASED.

Creator Spirit! by whoſe aid
The world's foundations firſt were laid,
Come viſit ev'ry pious mind;
Come pour thy joys on human-kind;
From ſin and ſorrow ſet us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.
O Source of uncreated light!
The Father's promis'd Paraclete;
Thrice Holy Fount! thrice Holy Fire!
Our hearts with heav'nly love inſpire;
Come, and thy ſacred unction bring
To ſanctify us while we ſing.
Plenteous of grace, deſcend from high,
Rich in thy ſev'nfold energy!
Thou ſtrength of his Almighty hand,
Whoſe pow'r does heav'n and earth command;
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who doſt the gift of tongues diſpenſe,
And crown'ſt thy gift with eloquence!
Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, oh! inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the ſenſes to the ſoul;

And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold 'em down.
  Chafe from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, beftow ;
And, left our feet fhould ftep aftray,
Protect, and guide us in the way.
  Make us eternal truths receive,
And practife all that we believe :
Give us thyfelf, that we may fee
The Father, and the Son, by thee.
  Immortal honour, endlefs fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name :
The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
Who for loft man's redemption dy'd ;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete ! to thee.

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